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The Week-end Review

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THE TWILIGHT OF THE GANGSTERS

DEAD, deposed or decamped? Cerebral hæmorrhage, or a bullet? The announcement of Hitler's death is only one of the enigmas left unsolved by this week's news. Himmler is credited with the statement that the Führer was mad and dying a fortnight ago. Yet, according to Hamburg radio, on April 30th Hitler appointed Admiral Dönitz as his successor, before falling "like a hero" at his Command Post in Berlin. Had Himmler really headed a section of the Party hierarchy which favoured capitulation, in the hope perhaps that they might somehow save their individual skins? And did Dönitz, with the "No Surrender" desperadoes behind him, usurp power in antagonism to Himmler? Or are we to suppose that Himmler, controlling the S.S. and the *Sicherheitsdienst*, is still the real master of Germany; that his tentative offer of surrender "to the West" was never more than an effort to split the Allies; and that Dönitz, with his "anti-Bolshevik" appeal to the world, has been put up by Himmler as a "front" designed to retain the loyalty of some, at least, of the Wehrmacht Commanders and to prolong a nuisance resistance in Norway, Denmark and North-West Germany, while an S.S. "underground" is being organised and the strategy of sowing dissension between the Allies is pursued even at "ten minutes past twelve?"

We may have to wait some time for a final answer to these questions. What is certain is that, for all the political friction generated at San Francisco over Poland, Austria and Argentina, military unity of the Allies will be effective until German armed resistance is crushed; and it is a probability, amounting almost to certainty, that, whatever its motives, Himmler's tactics will have gone far to shatter the crumbling morale of the Wehrmacht. After the concerted German collapse in Italy, culminating in last Sunday's formal surrender by General Vietinghoff, the Southern Redoubt is already falling in pieces. In Holland the German Commander—most welcome news of the week—has negotiated an agreement for the importation, under truce, of Allied food for the Dutch; and from Denmark come reports also suggesting German readiness to open parleys. With Berlin gone, Rokossovsky sweeping through Mecklenburg and Brandenburg, and the German armies in Bohemia and Eastern Austria facing hopeless encirclement, everything points to the probability of piecemeal capitulation by individual Commanders. In Norway, possibly, Dönitz has a chance of organising a piratical continuation of U-boat raids; but we doubt whether the rank and file of the (mainly Austrian) divisions in the Northern Redoubt, or even the submarine crews, will have much stomach for a resistance which can only prolong chaos and starvation in Germany itself.

Dönitz, we conclude, has cast himself, or been cast by others, for the part of Mark Antony. But the Third Reich is too far dissolved in anarchy and disillusionment for such a rôle. It would take more now than the gramophone records of *Götterdämmerung* and Brückner's 7th Symphony to make a buried Cæsar of Adolf Hitler. Too many Germans to-day must realise that the end has come in a squalid, untidy shambles characteristic in all history of the collapse of tyranny.

The End of Mussolini

The happiest part of the last phase in Italy is that, in Lombardy and Piedmont, the Partisans have played a major part, not only against the native Fascist formations, but also against the Germans. They rose on a concerted signal and gave proof not only of courage but of good organisation also. They won Genoa, Turin, Milan and many smaller towns before the Allied troops could reach them. Venice also has been freed, while Marshal Tito's forces were the first to enter Fiume and Trieste. To complete the drama, the Partisans have liquidated all that was left of the Fascist Party. They captured Mussolini, Starace, Farinacci, Scorza and most of its surviving notables and promptly shot them. This was the ideally best way of ending the career of these tyrants and gangsters, though the last act of the drama, in which their corpses were exposed and insulted in the streets of Milan, was sordid and ugly. The British newspapers which regaled their readers with photographs of the dictator and his mistress strung up by the heels were pandering to emotions associated with the mobs who once stared at traitors' heads exposed at Temple Bar. But even these last scenes will leave an ineffaceable trace on history, for they revealed how intense was the hatred the working masses of Northern Italy felt for the strutting showman and gambler who ended a generation of oppression and aggression by plunging his country into ruin and shame.

The New Italy

The outlook for Italy's future has been transformed by the prompt and easy liberation of the North. It has suffered relatively little devastation; its hydro-electric plant and most of its industries are intact; nor is it starving as the South and Centre were. But, above all, its more energetic and militant population has regained its self-respect by its stubborn resistance. Not only did these workers finish Mussolini's career; they gave the signal for his fall by their general strikes in Turin and Milan in the Spring of 1943. They are not apathetic, as are the masses in the South, and they have behind them a tradition of political activity which Fascism failed to efface. Their underground organisations, under the Committee of Liberation, are now openly in control of the cities, and cannot be ignored, even during the interim period of military administration. It is to be expected that places will soon be found for their leaders in the Government at Rome, whether under Signor Bonomi or another. They will bring to it a fresh access of vigour and a decided impulse towards the Left. The Communists were numerous among the Northern partisans, though other groups also played their part. It is too soon to guess what will be the attitude of the Socialists, at present outside the Government, if it is reformed. The Allies will soon find themselves face to face with a people that has regained at last its national consciousness. The Partisans allow themselves to be formally thanked and promptly disarmed, as each town is freed. But they are uneasily aware that all the while the Allies are arming and drilling a royal army, which has played hardly any part in the campaign of Liberation. Are the disarmed masses naïve in their belief that when they are allowed to vote they will be able to make an end of the monarchy which gave Mussolini his chance?

War Crimes and Punishments

The process of dealing with war criminals has already begun. Lynch law has done its rough work in Italy. Over Germany a new "night of the long knives" is black. Political gangsterism is perishing in the violence with which it arose. There will remain, however, the problem of those who escape death at the hands of their fellow countrymen and fall into the Allies' custody. No solution will fulfill completely the demands of abstract justice or satisfy everybody; but there are certain cardinal principles whose adoption we would urge. (1) Men personally responsible for atrocities have forfeited the right to live. (2) Trials should be restricted to (*a*) all persons guilty of atrocities, for which the appropriate penalty is death; (*b*) superior officers and officials responsible for major acts of brutality not amounting to "atrocities." (3) Justice should be summary, with the speed of a drumhead court-martial. True though it may be that "grass grows quickly over the battlefield; over the scaffold, never"—there is no case here for clemency: the severity of retribution must match the monstrous nature of the crimes committed against humanity. But we shall do well to restrict its scope. If the public appetite for the administration of requitals grew sated, as it would, the worst criminals might easily escape in the end by default. And let us have a quick end to it, that mens' minds, released from the obsessions of war and cruelty and revenge, may turn the sooner to the task of rebuilding the ruins.

Nazis and Collaborators

As for the captured Nazis whose records do not connect them with specific war crimes—and among them we must number nearly all the members of the S.S. and S.A.—the question is simply whether they can be allowed freedom of action until (if ever) they have discarded their political creed, and a Germany has been re-established in which they can safely be absorbed. For most of them a period of exile, hard useful work and re-education may well be essential, for the sake of Europe's future security, not as a punishment. Finally, in the liberated countries we trust that the "crime" of collaboration will not be pressed too far by legal process. The Lavals, the Deats and the Quislings deserve short shrift. The dotard Petain might well be detained in an asylum "at the Republic's pleasure" as unfit to plead. The case of the propertied classes who found it expedient to accommodate themselves to German occupation appears to us to be an integral part of the social and economic changes which will be the aftermath of the war.

An Austrian Government

It is good news that the U.S.S.R. has permitted liberated Austria a provisional government which fairly represents the democratic parties, though their unilateral action is causing friction among the Allies. It seems that London and Washington were not consulted and the State Department refuses to recognise the new Government. This is unfortunate, because the understanding was that Austria should be jointly occupied under a Control Commission representing the Big Three and France. Dr. Karl Renner, a veteran aged 75, who was the first Chancellor of the Republic, fills that office again. A genial, popular, easy-going personality, he belonged to the Right Wing of the Social Democratic Party. Imprisoned for a time under Dollfuss, he did not actively resist the Nazis after the annexation. The Cabinet is composed of five Social Democrats, if we include the Chancellor himself, four Catholics (Christian Socialists), three Communists and two non-party men. The Catholics belong to the Left Wing of their party and the foremost of them, Leopold Kunschak, is a Trade Unionist who had always stood for an understanding with the Socialists. The leading Communist Minister, Hans Koplenig, is the Secretary of the Party. These two, with the Chancellor and Dr. Schärf, a Social Democrat, form the Council of State, an inner Cabinet. The Ministry of the Interior, a key position, goes to a Communist. The composition of the Government recognises the preponderance which the Socialists possessed in the old days of freedom, when almost half the electorate (under P.R.) voted for them. It is a disappointment that the Russians are not yet ready to admit Allied journalists to Austria.

French Women Vote

Though the returns are incomplete and the second ballots are still to come, it is clear that the French municipal elections show a decided swing to the Left. This is what most of us would have expected; but there were two incalculable factors. While the younger generation of men, some in the army and others still in Germany, were largely disfranchised, women voted for the first time in French history and outnumbered the male electors by four millions. They showed no signs of the reactionary and clericalist tendencies which French progressives of the last generation used to fear. It seems that the Communists have now taken the place the Socialists used to hold, as the largest single party. Always predominant in the industrial suburbs of Paris, their influence has now spread to the city itself, where they polled 40 per cent. of the votes cast, but secured only 27 out of 90 seats. The Christian Democrats, M. Bidault's party, many of whom are Socialists as well as being Catholics, came next with twelve seats, and seem destined to replace the old parties of the Right. The Socialists secured twelve and the Radicals only six seats. In Lyons, however, the prestige of M. Herriot ensured an overwhelming Radical victory. The results from rural communes are naturally much more conservative in tendency; some have even insisted on re-electing Deputies or Senators who were disqualified because they voted for Pétain's seizure of power. It remains to be seen whether this swing to the Left will influence General de Gaulle, or induce him to modify the composition of his Cabinet. In its financial and industrial policy it is manifestly much more timid than the electorate.

Coal Deadlock

The extra 3*s*. 6*d*. a ton on coal and the reduction of allocations to domestic consumers for next winter are further signs that the ending of the war in Europe will bring with it no solution of the coal problem. There is not much prospect of getting back quickly any large number of miners from the Forces; and the fact must be faced that output is likely to decline further until there have been drastic changes in the organisation and equipment of the industry. Better food conditions might achieve something; but food conditions are unlikely to get any easier, and may become more difficult. The absurdity of the situation is that there is now little disagreement about what needs doing in the way of technical reorganisation; yet next to nothing will be done under private auspices while there is a prospect of the mines being taken over by the State; and the State, with the powers at present allowed by the Cabinet to the Ministry of Fuel and Power, can do nothing either. So everything is at a deadlock until after the General Election; and the public must freeze because the mines remain in the hands of private owners. The bleakness of the domestic coal outlook emphasises the imperative need to get the Ruhr mines back into use as soon as possible and to do everything that can be done to restore output in Belgium, France and Holland, as well as in Czechoslovakia and Poland. As for the 3*s*. 6*d*. increase, it must be regarded as part of Sir John Anderson's policy of letting the cost of living rise without an equivalent rise in incomes.

Wages in War and Peace

The wage-advances to engineers and cotton operatives decreed last week are doubtless meant largely to soften the blow which will fall, especially on the engineers, when the intensity of war production is relaxed. There is bound, in the munition factories at any rate, to be a very sharp reduction in earnings wherever war output is reduced, even if factories are not stopped, and there is plenty of civil work available. The mass production of war leads not only to much overtime and week-end work at high rates of pay, but also to high piece-work earnings on repetition jobs which practice has speeded up; and the change back to more normal productive conditions will, for a time at any rate, lead to sharp falls in earnings. This is less true in the case of the cotton operatives. The demand for their products will increase instead of being reduced; but it will become more diversified, especially as they resume activity in a wide variety of export markets. Sir John Anderson's reference in his Budget speech to the Government's intentions in respect of food subsidies point to the certainty of a rise in the cost of living in the near future. In war, wage-rates can be allowed to lag behind to some extent, because earnings rise faster than rates. The reversal of this process with the coming of peace may be expected to lead to a general demand for increased wage-rates, and this will be intensified by any sign of an actual upward movement in the cost of living. In these circumstances, it appears to us most unwise to reduce food subsidies just now.

Young Builders

The Building Apprenticeship Committee has revised its original estimate of the need of the industry for apprentices. It now puts the annual need at 25,000, instead of the 15,000–20,000 on which it based its previous estimates. Even the new figure is too low in relation to the industry's requirements, considered in isolation; but it is of no use to increase it further in view of the limited number of boys who will be available. The essential thing is to ensure that the boys who do enter the industry shall get a real apprenticeship, and shall not be used as a source of cheap labour or restricted to a narrow training on a highly specialised type of construction. The committee has made the "discovery," that apprentices in building crafts have, despite the numerous paper schemes, no written indentures or agreements of any sort, and therefore no guarantee of receiving a proper all-round training. The main bulk of the real training is done by the middle-sized provincial builders and by a few reputable large firms. Written indentures should be made compulsory, and registered at the Employment Exchanges. The new plan, under which apprentices are to be trained in part by working together under skilled supervision on actual building operations, is a step forward, provided that the need for a generous provision of really skilled supervisors is fully recognised.

The Grid and the Future

The Central Electricity Board has now followed up its recently released reports for the earlier war years with a report covering 1944 and embodying plans for the future. It is to be noted that these plans have clearly been made on the assumption that British post-war economic policy will be of such a character as to secure a new approach to full employment. The C.E.B. estimates that about three-quarters of the new industrial capacity granted for war purposes will be converted to civil use after the war; that a big housing programme will be carried through, involving a useful increase in the number of household consumers of electricity; and that the internal standard of living will be steadily improved. On this basis it puts forward considerable plans for further development. As it takes approximately four years to carry through any substantial capital project in the electricity supply service, new projects begun in 1944 cannot in most cases come into operation before 1948. How fast the demand for electric current will in practice rise will depend largely on the course of coal prices. If coal prices are high, this factor may hasten industrial as well as domestic electrification; and the C.E.B. may find itself during the next few years very short of capacity for meeting the demand.

PARLIAMENT: Full House

Wednesday

The public—including Servicemen, both British and Allied—come in steadily increasing numbers to seek admission to the galleries of the House. Unfortunately, most of them do not know when best to come (2 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday, after due notice to an M.P., preferably their own M.P., or by arrangement with one of the Service welfare organisations), and are therefore disappointed—either because they strike a dull patch of routine debate, or because there is no room.

Members complain of the unsatisfactory arrangements for obtaining tickets for constituents and friends, and sigh for the pre-war ballot; but it would be difficult, with the hopelessly inadequate accommodation available in the galleries of the Lords' Chamber in which they now sit, to make any arrangement that would satisfy more than a small minority.

Since the Commons will have to stay on here for several years—probably the whole life-time of the next Parliament, in which there should be intense public interest—while their own Chamber is rebuilt, it might be worth building a capacious temporary gallery, however unsightly, at the end of the Chamber opposite the Speaker's Chair. Those who now sit in the ordinary "Members' Gallery" get a poor view of the proceedings, and cannot see the Chair at all.

There was a typically insufficient supply of tickets on Tuesday, when many people had come to the House hoping to hear some dramatic announcement by the Prime Minister. He would only say that the European war situation was "definitely more satisfactory than it was this time five years ago." He had previously answered questions on the posting home of Servicemen who are prospective Parliamentary candidates. Hopkinson asked if "any scallywag in the Services who calls himself an Independent candidate" was to be released. The Prime Minister explained that anyone could get back who could produce evidence of a genuine invitation to stand from responsible people—"subject to proper weight being assigned to the word 'genuine' and the word 'responsible.'"

Grigg has stood up firmly against lowering the rations of German prisoners. On Tuesday he again pointed out "that non-working prisoners do not get more of the nationally rationed foods than civilians."

In the debate on Scottish education, the new Nationalist Member for Motherwell made his maiden speech. He disclaimed any intention of interfering in the affairs of England or changing the customs of Parliament; and, among other matters, complained that Gaelic-speaking children were expected to learn arithmetic in English. A beloved Labour veteran, James Barr, managed, as usual, to refer to John Knox and to quote Burns. Few English Members listened to this debate, which was intrinsically worth hearing.

Two weeks ago it was stated here that Brigadier MacLean (Lancaster) was among those who voted for dispensing with sponsors on the introduction of the new M.P. for Motherwell. This was so recorded in *Hansard*, which later corrected the name to Neil MacLean (Govan)—a correction repeated herewith, with apologies.

Pontifex Minor

CHELMSFORD AFTERMATH

The striking Common Wealth victory at Chelmsford increases the confusion of electoral prospects. Here, in a safe Tory seat, with a high percentage of rural voters, a large poll, and at the climax of a victory of which Mr. Churchill is one of the main architects, a landslide vote elected a young, uncompromising Socialist. Wing-Commander Millington's success was not primarily due to his personality and his long war-service—the explanation put forward by the Tory Press for this unexpected defeat. He was an attractive candidate, of a type which the whole Labour Movement requires to season the inevitable quota of tired officials and unimaginative stalwarts. But he won because he had a definite and radical platform which he was prepared to advance without hesitation. He was able, moreover, in spite of the coupon given to his opponent, to draw in the Labour vote, besides many thousands of new electors who refused to be satisfied with photographs of Mr. Churchill, a nebulous appeal for national unity and the programme of a Coalition visibly approaching disintegration.

One point, at least, emerges clearly. It would seem that the Prime Minister may not be the election-winner that the Conservative Central Office had anticipated. Victory in this war, people realise, has been won with their sweat and blood, as much as by the abilities of their leaders. However grateful they may be to Mr. Churchill, another Tory Parliament and the satisfaction of the uncontrolled appetites of monopolists and speculators may seem too high a price to pay as his reward. It would not be surprising to find a nation-wide revulsion from the devastation of the war in favour of new brooms whose energy seems to promise that their reconstruction proposals will be carried beyond the stage of White Papers and inconclusive debates.

The Chelmsford election, however, may agitate Transport House as much as it has ruffled the Tories. Apart from the spur it gives to Common Wealth hopes in twenty more constituencies, it proves decisively that it is more than a splinter party which will vanish with the end of the political truce. It is unlikely that Labour could have secured so large a majority, even if it had won the seat.

The immediate Labour answer may be found in Herbert Morrison's Bristol speech. This, like those made by Mr. Bevin, Sir Stafford Cripps and Mr. Greenwood last week-end, was obviously an opening shot in the General Election campaign. In an admirably concise exposition of the Labour Party's programme, he called on the Party for an all-out bid for power. This forthright declaration had a ring of the sincerity and self-confidence which the Left has long desired from the Labour Party leadership. But it is also clear that Transport House does not intend to modify its decision to disavow the other parties of the Left. Rather than permit the return of a handful of Common Wealth or Communist members, it will force three-cornered contests upon a number of marginal constituencies. From the angle of self-interest are such electoral tactics sensible? However much their influence may be disparaged by the Labour Party, both Common Wealth and the C.P. are in a position to throw very considerable weight into the General Election. It simply is not true that the "Red Bogey" of Left-wing support for Labour candidates will lose them many votes. More are likely to be lost by the spectacle of a petty squabble for seats among sections of the Labour movement with basically similar platforms.

What can be done in the short time now left to reach agreement? First, the Labour Party could permit resolutions calling for electoral agreement to be placed before the coming Party Conference. At present, these are ruled out of order on the grounds that last year's perfunctory discussion comes under the rule forbidding the same topic to be raised more than once in any three years. Second, failing any formal agreement, there could be a tacit decision not to contest constituencies where smaller Left-wing parties can establish a good title to make the running or even where (exceptionally) a genuine Progressive, Liberal or Non-Party, is in the field. Wing-Commander Millington declared, prior to his election, that he was willing to go before an electoral conference of all progressive groups in Chelmsford for endorsement or rejection as the candidate at the General Election. That procedure might be followed elsewhere.

Chelmsford proves that a Socialist victory, in which the Labour Party must unquestionably have the largest share, is within reach. When as tough a Tory as Mr. Amery confesses that the Conservatives won the elections of 1924 and 1935 by deception and that these successes were a disaster for the country, it is not the time for Labour to lessen its chances of securing an impregnable Left-wing majority in Parliament by insisting on all progressive groups withdrawing entirely from the field and sheltering under its umbrella. Their refusal, which Transport House knows it must expect, is no alibi for failure to be more constructive in promoting Left unity.

SAN FRANCISCO

This Conference is pursuing its business of setting up a post-war organisation in spite of the excitement of rumours and counter-rumours of an outbreak of peace in Europe, and in spite of its continual preoccupation with the Polish question. It will not remove the economic or political causes of war, though we may still have a fine preamble to its conclusions drafted by Smuts. Everyone insists that we are only drafting machinery. It was symbolic that painters have substituted "Security" for "Peace" on the sidewalk near the Grand Opera House, where the plenary sessions are held.

In the opening sessions the loss of Mr. Roosevelt's natural leadership was tragically obvious, but Mr. Eden staked out a remarkable claim to take his place in the minds of delegates of many nations by a speech that was vigorously delivered and full of good sense. Mr. Eden did not talk about economic rivalry or the paralysing conception of national sovereignty, but he did point out that enlarged frontiers mean little security when new weapons are developed. He pleased the Conference by urging that peace would not last if the Great Powers were not restrained and just and co-operative in their use of power.

Eden's speech seemed to give Britain the lead at the Conference, but his position in the front of the running was less certain after Molotov's remarkable Press Conference on Monday. Russia has been regarded as a sort of big bad wolf at this Conference. I watched the ladies sitting in front of me when Mr. Molotov was first called to the rostrum. They were as thrilled and fascinated as if a gorilla had been brought on to the stage behind bars. His quietly delivered and lengthy speech in Russian, followed by translations into English and French, was a serious anti-climax. I heard it said that he was rather like Poincaré—precise, rigid, correct, smiling, capable of irony rather than humour, very rigid, punctilious and even pedantic. He knows exactly what he wants, and compromises only in exchange for a concession.

Russia continually insists on her prestige and seeks, above everything, her own security. Molotov could justify this by saying that Russia has been boycotted by the World Powers for twenty-five years and has to fight all the time for full recognition of her new position. The spheres of influence claimed by Britain and America are taken for granted. Britain, for instance, does not discuss her Empire. India is represented by three Government delegates who do not intend to apply the principle of trusteeship to India, however many press conferences Mrs. Pandit may hold in the hotel where they are staying, or however many Americans may applaud the eloquent speeches made by Nehru's sister in crowded public meetings. Or again, if Molotov wishes to raise troublous issues, he could ask why the spokesmen of the American Navy demand that America should take over strategic islands in the Pacific instead of offering to make them joint bases for the navies of the United Nations. If co-operation is to be real and not the recognition of spheres of influence, that would be the natural course when Japan is defeated and disarmed. The alternative looks too like the occupation of bases directed against U.S.S.R.

The ultimate success of the world organisation depends more on America's attitude to such problems as civil aviation, and in general on her post-war economic policy, than on any other factor. This does not arise at the Conference unless it comes up indirectly when the economic council is discussed. Russia does not raise these basic issues. But when it was proposed that Argentina should be represented at the Conference, Molotov explained to pressmen that Hull and Roosevelt had condemned Argentina in the strongest terms as a Fascist country, and that Russia thought some investigation should be made into her alleged change of heart. Poland, on the other hand, had a good war record, and seemed rather to deserve a seat at the Conference.

The repeated request for acceptance of Lublin Poles to the Conference does not mean that Russia repudiates the Yalta formula. On the contrary, the Russians say that negotiations now going on with Britain and America will reach a successful conclusion. By insisting now on Lublin as a Provisional Government they make additions to it look like concessions on their part. This seems to be the key to much of their policy which is not easy for Western Powers to understand. They are logical, and that makes them appear mysterious. They have the whole picture and the end to be achieved in mind all the time, and they take a tough stand on one thing in order to improve their bargaining position on something else that they only recall to their bewildered antagonists at a later stage. They may, for instance, be awkward about the Argentine partly because Britain and America object to their setting up an Austrian Government without consultation.

Russia apparently does not think that the Yalta Agreement obliged her to consult about Austria. I recall that when the U.S.S.R. was angry about Anglo-American action in Rumania she reacted not with a protest about Rumania but with a newspaper article suggesting that the Allies were toying with a separate peace. If she is, perhaps rightly, suspicious about the efforts of some American business firms to establish a position in Germany which might lead in time to German rearmament, which Drew Pearson says is the case, or if she has a grievance about recent prisoner of war negotiations in Europe, or even about American naval plans in the Pacific, Russia is quite capable of omitting to refer to any of these things at the time and merely being more tough about Lublin or the chairmanship of the San Francisco Conference.

Of other issues that must arise in the near future, the two I find most interesting are, first, the question of trusteeship and, secondly, that of regional arrangements within the world organisation. Perhaps the Franco-Russian Alliance against Germany, which, as it stands, acts automatically without waiting for a decision of the Security Council, can be regarded as a special case, since there is no dispute in anyone's mind about preventing a hypothetical occurrence of German aggression. Far more interesting is the American example. The Chapultepec Agreement created a collective security system for the whole American Continent excluding Canada, a member of this Conference, and the Argentine, not yet a member. How does this agreement, by which the U.S. is pledged to stop an act of Argentinian aggression, fit into the Security Council? Mr. Evatt raises this point very strongly, and he may have in mind not so much the American or European regions as a future case in which a Pacific regional pact might be prevented from having effect by the veto of one of the Great Powers which might side with a Pacific aggressor.

In the sunshine and luxury of San Francisco one recalls the hunger and devastation of the European Continent. This is no example of "Congress Dances." The luxury and hospitality belong to Californian life. We are not living in an artificial hothouse of parties. But the contrast remains staggering. To no one must it seem so surprising as to Russians who have never known luxury and can never forget their millions of dead and the vast devastation of their country. Yet I doubt if they are overawed, for they have confidence in their own future and a pretty shrewd notion—which can be borne out by talking to American business men—that the West will run into another economic blizzard while Russia grows steadily more prosperous. Therefore they are determined on an agreement, and mainly concerned with their own security. Perhaps they hope in ten years' time to invite the rich Powers of the West to a conference in a Crimea rebuilt as magnificently as San Francisco was rebuilt after a natural devastation scarcely less devastating than the war that has passed through Sebastopol.

P.S.—Since writing this an event of great and at present incalculable importance has occurred. Molotov repeated to plenary session of Conference arguments about Argentina, and Stettinius accepted the role of the leader of the American Continent and refused to agree to investigation or postponement. The Conference has divided into a small Russian and a large American block. Mr. Eden made a gallant effort to act as conciliator.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

CONTROLS AND FULL EMPLOYMENT

THE very moment the Labour Ministers leave the Government we may expect an intensified campaign for the removal of many of the war controls. Naturally, no one will argue that *all* the controls ought to be taken off at once. There is general agreement that rationing, not only of food but also of other consumers' supplies, will have to continue for a considerable time yet, and may have even to be tightened up as the problems of European deficiencies are revealed in all their starkness. Apart from this, the big firms and the Trade Associations in the great majority of industries would not be at all pleased if, as the result of a stunt campaign against "bureaucracy," the war controls which they themselves largely operate were to be prematurely taken off. The pressure for an immediate removal, or at least relaxation, of control comes from the smaller fry. It is the employer who is not on a big enough scale to give him influence in the control applying to his business who feels the pinch; and, apart from this, as a rule the smaller firms are in much fiercer competition with each other and with their larger rivals, so that each is afraid of being squeezed out unless he can make an early start with the recapture of his pre-war markets.

Mr. Ernest Bevin has soundly rebuked, as a demand for "get rich quick" anarchy, the agitation already started by Lord Beaverbrook's press for an ending of controls. If this agitation is to be effectively countered, it is important to make it clear to the electorate how intimately connected are controls with the level of employment. At the moment, the relaxation of controls is mainly a matter of who and what can be spared. Closed businesses can be allowed to reopen, or new ones to start up, only as labour can be spared for them and as materials can be made available in face of transport and other bottlenecks. These shortages of man-power and materials make it indispensable to ensure not only that there are not too many businesses competing for the available supplies, but also that every man or woman and every ounce of material are put to a use that has a high priority for either war needs or civilian consumption—to which we are already beginning again to add, as a third, the claims of export trade. As long as shortages last, controls must last, too, in order to secure a reasonable allocation of supplies. But there are many who argue that, as fast as any particular shortage disappears, the relevant control ought to disappear with it. Thus, in terms of man-power, it is argued that there can be no good cause for retaining any control over its use when it has ceased to be scarce, or for controlling any particular kind of man-power when there are enough workers of that particular kind to meet the current demand.

This, however, is a mistaken view. Direct control over man-power will very likely cease to be necessary at a quite early stage; but the use of man-power can be controlled quite effectively in indirect ways—for example, by controlling the supplies of materials or the location of new factories or extensions. Such controls will continue to be needed longer. Even if there appears to be no shortage of workers, it will remain essential to success that the available instruments of production and supplies of materials shall be used to purchase the goods and services for which there is the most urgent need, and not necessarily those for which well-to-do purchasers are prepared to bid up prices in order to get early supplies. If, in the period of factory demobilisation, workers are released from war production faster than they can be absorbed into normal employment—as may well happen, in view of the time needed to re-convert factories to their normal uses—unemployment will reappear, and an attempt will be made to use it as an argument for taking off the controls in order to speed up the re-absorption of labour. But if, in fact, there are not enough materials to go round, the lifting of control could only lead to a diversion of labour from more to less important uses, and especially to a revival of luxury production at a time when it will be vitally important to keep "utility" lines going in order to meet the growing needs of the main body of consumers.

Suppose, after the period of dislocation, we get back to full employment, will the time then have come to take off the controls? In some cases, no doubt it will; for no one in his senses supposes that all the controls devised to deal with wartime scarcities will be appropriate in time of peace. But there are others which will have to remain if the policy of full employment is to work aright. Full employment involves making jobs available for all who want them, without making so many jobs available as to inflate wages costs unduly, and also without allowing serious shortages of particular kinds of labour to develop. In other words, full employment involves some measure of economic planning, in the sense of planning not only the total volume of work but also its broad distribution among different types of workers; and clearly this form of planning is not practicable without a measure of public control. It will require at least a broad control over the local and regional distribution of the openings for employment, backed up by some system of allocation of such materials as remain scarce even when the general conditions of shortage have disappeared. Such shortages are bound to remain on account of our limited capacity to buy imports, for it must not be forgotten that a full employment situation means an increased demand for imports of materials as well as of foodstuffs needed to supplement home production.

Nor is this the only reason why controls will have to be retained. A policy of full employment cannot work unless it includes effective action to prevent monopolists and Trade Associations from following their tendency towards restriction of output. No doubt, given the expanding market which a full employment policy should carry with it, some monopolists may be rather less disposed to behave restrictively than they were under the limiting market conditions of the inter-war years. But this by no means applies to them all; it holds good, in general, only where the demand for a product is highly elastic or where the economies of larger output are very great—or of course, where these two factors work together to encourage higher production. There remain many cases in which, even under full employment, it might pay monopolists better (or they might think it would) to keep prices up at the cost of keeping production down, or to produce a wide variety of expensive goods for the luxury market instead of turning out "utility" goods of satisfactory standard and quality at the lowest possible price. Any government which really means to operate a full employment policy will have to devise forms of control which will prevent the permanence of restrictive monopoly methods, and will ensure the development of mass-production of utility goods at reasonable prices related to ascertained costs.

Finally, it is generally agreed that full employment maintained steadily year in and year out involves control over investment in capital goods, not only to keep it up when it threatens to sag, but also to prevent it from reaching inflationary heights when the outlook for profits seems specially good. This control will operate most easily if the State is itself the responsible owner (or at least the effective directing agency) of the main *capital-using* industries. Housing, transport and the public utility services between them account for a very high fraction of normal capital investment. To this may be added, in the post-war period, certain other industries—notably mining—which stand in need of extensive re-equipment. If the State had this group of industries well under its control it would be in a position to regulate the level of investment with comparatively little need to interfere with the general run of industries whose calls on the new capital goods market are comparatively small.

Of course, this insistence on the necessity for retaining permanently a considerable amount of State control does not imply that the forms of control which have been in force under war conditions will be the right ones for meeting the requirements of peace-time production. In many respects they will not—and above all it will not do at all in time of peace to let the controls be run largely by the monopolists, who are the very persons most likely to want to do things that run counter to the public interest and to full employment. It will, however, be in the main much easier and better to adapt the existing controls than to allow them to be scrapped and then have to start new ones in their place. The period of transition, during which the controls will be needed less for the purpose of maintaining employment than for ensuring that scarce supplies and instruments of production shall be put to the most urgent uses, will afford an opportunity for carrying through the required adaptations of their structure and powers. Over the same period, the general framework of post-war international economic relations will be taking shape, and it will become possible—as it is not now—to tell how far controls over essential raw materials can be organised on international lines under the auspices of governments seeking full employment rather than of cartels aiming at monopoly exploitation.

SONG OF BERNADOTTE

"I have not forwarded any message from Himmler to the Allies."—Count Bernadotte, May 1st.

Count Bernadotte was in negotiation,
According to a high official leak,
The Nazis offered full capitulation,
America was all *en fête* last week;
And even we, in sanguine expectation,
Our former disillusionments forgot—
The populace stood by for celebration,
Full confidence was felt in Bernadotte.
Credulity was everywhere unbounded
As Bernadotte went shuttling to and fro,
Though Truman warned the rumour was unfounded
And even Eisenhower did not know.
We heard old Papa Petain was arrested,
We heard of Mussolini, hanged and shot,
But news that Allied terms had been requested,
That gave a bigger build to Bernadotte.

The word of Himmler's imminent surrender
Turned every eye on Sweden's go-between—
But now the Third Reich has a new defender
Since sea-wolf Dönitz burst upon the scene.
And though our emissary looked so busy
It now appears in fact that he was not;
Another contradiction makes us dizzy—
No contact had been made by Bernadotte.

The Allied Armies waited for "Cease fire,"
The Premier himself conveyed a hint,
But now brand new developments transpire
We wonder how the Count got into print;
The President was lately seen to smile,
Which commentators thought must mean a lot,
But Bernadotte has issued a denial—
No message was passed on by Bernadotte.

The photographs looked highly circumstantial
As Bernadotte alighted from his plane,
But now the evidence seems insubstantial
And everything is in the air again.
Once more the public expectation mounted,
Once more the world has no idea what's what,
For now the Count himself must be discounted—
There may be no such man as Bernadotte.

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

READING the accounts of the liberated "slaves" in Germany—some twelve million of them, we are told, now on the roads exchanging bondage for vagabondage—one is irresistibly reminded of the conditions prevailing in Europe at the end of the Thirty Years' War, the conditions, for example, portrayed in Callot's etchings. During the early and middle years of the 17th century Germany was devastated by almost continuous war. Along its roads wandered companies of marauding soldiers, living on loot and the land, and massacring, murdering, torturing and raping as they went. To those who were living in those conditions it may well have seemed that civilisation would never recover. Yet the next hundred and fifty years were among the most orderly, as they were certainly among the greatest in the history of Central Europe. (Bach and Handel were born in 1685; Kant in 1724; Haydn in 1732; Goethe in 1749; Mozart in 1756; Beethoven in 1770). Will European civilisation stage a similar recovery?

* * *

As I talked to a friend just back from the Continent it was difficult to feel hopeful. European civilisation is a more sensitive, because it is a more closely interlocked, organism than it was two or three hundred years ago, and our powers of destruction are infinitely greater.

In spite of the vividness of his descriptions of rubbled towns, marauding liberators and wandering ex-slaves, I found my imagination unequal to the task of forming any adequate picture of the misery of the Continent. For, indeed, in this country we have been mercifully preserved. Some of our cities—not many—have been bombed, but our countryside is intact, and so is the system of law and the machinery of order; we do not go in fear of violence and rapine; we have food and security and most of us have some comfort. Of course, we have suffered, but in comparison with the last war our casualties have been small. In a written reply a week or so ago, Mr. Churchill gave the following figures for casualties for the Forces of the United Kingdom in all services up to the end of February, 1945: Killed, 216,287; missing, 31,000; wounded, 255,140; prisoners, 183,240.

The total was just over 685,600. In the last war our killed alone numbered over a million.

As for civilians, many of us have of course been killed or seriously injured by Germans, but considerably more have been killed or seriously injured by motor cars and lorries driven by English, Canadians and Americans. The comparative figures are shown in a Report published last month by the Ministry of War Transport Committee on Road Safety. The deaths and *serious* injuries resulting from enemy attacks of all descriptions on this country from September, 1939, to March, 1945, were 140,000; the deaths and injuries on the roads were 158,000.

* * *

We have been mercifully preserved in another sense. I was recently present at a conversation when a list was made of the occasions on which the finger of Providence had apparently intervened on behalf of this country. Here are some of the most outstanding:

(1) In July, 1940, Hitler failed to invade this country when there were neither the men nor the weapons necessary for the repulse of the invasion.

(2) The Spitfires which won the Battle of Britain had been available for only two or three weeks before the Battle of Britain was fought.

(3) The Battle of Britain was called off just as our reserves were approaching exhaustion. If it had gone on two or three weeks longer, neither the men nor the planes would have been available to fight it.

(4) Just as our airfields were being rendered unusable, Hitler called off the attack upon them and switched it to the docks, London and to other great cities.

(5) In the Spring of 1941, just as life in some great cities, notably Liverpool and Plymouth, was becoming impossible, the bombing was called off or notably intermitted.

(6) Most important of all! Instead of invading England in 1941, Hitler invaded Russia.

This list is enough to go on with.

* * *

O the Censor, O the War Office, O the Post Office, O the Paper Controller—I don't know which one of you it is or whether, indeed, it is one of you at all or is somebody else; I do know that if I pitch on this one, rather than on the other, you are sure to say: "Not me, sir, but the other chap," so I had better say officials generally. O officials, then, generally, how strange are your ways, in this respect, if in no other, approximating to the divine in that they pass understanding. Here are *The Escapades of Erotic Edna*, by "Punsi," printed by K. T. Shahani at the Educational Printing Press, Kutchery Road, and published by Luxman Jairam for The Model Publishing House, Karachi. It is advertised as "A Fascinating Tale, the third in a notable series for the Entertainment of Allied troops Now engaged in a strenuous war." *No Orchids* pales by comparison. Pornography is, I dare say, much what we should expect, but racial hatred is rather steep "entertainment for Allied troops" fighting a war against the Nazis.

> They held a long discussion, eventually deciding, like so many Jew evacuees, to make for India, ostensibly to take shelter in a colony of the (sic) long-suffering and tolerant British Empire, but actually to be far away from war when it did come, so as to carry on their avocations unmolested, undisturbed, unhampered and so make money.

That is not, as you might suppose, from *Der Stürmer*, but from *Erotic Edna*. And what about chain letters? Michael Redgrave has had one, and so have I, sent to us in each case by Air Mail. While it is borne in upon us how great is the pressure upon the postal services and particularly upon the Air Mail Letter services, the impartial Censor passes both chain letters and anti-Semitism.

* * *

After the lecture we went to the Officers' Mess for drinks. It was a large Air Force Camp, and there were, I suppose, between thirty and forty young men drinking at the bar or sitting at tables and listlessly turning over the pages of illustrated papers. There was a general buzz of talk and an occasional burst of guffaws over a story. The C.O., comparatively elderly, talked to me about the post-war prospects of his officers. "Just look at them," he said, "drinking away there without a thought for their futures. You see, most of them came to us straight from school. They have never had a job; what is more, they have never been trained to do a job. For years now they have had exciting and well-paid work to do, the opportunity to respect themselves and to think themselves the 'cat's whiskers'—how can a man help himself, when the country treats him, naturally, as a hero?—plenty to eat, drink and smoke and nothing to think about but flying. What's more, they are getting £400 or £500 a year, and, barring their mess expenses, precious little to spend it on but themselves. I wouldn't mind betting that 90 per cent. of the men and the officers in this camp are better fed, clothed and housed than ever they were before, or are likely to be again. What, I should like to know, is going to happen to them?"

"Will you," I asked, "be able to keep many of them in the Air Force?"

"Not five per cent., I should think."

"What about Civil Aviation?"

"Might absorb another five per cent."

"Isn't there a scheme for sending them to the University so that they can be trained for a profession?"

"They are past that. Not one in twenty is prepared to go to the University."

"What then?" I asked. "A couple of hundred a year behind the counter of a bank?"

"That's about it," said the C.O., "and how long do you think they will stick it? Meanwhile," he went on, running his eyes over the cheerful throng, "I can't get them so much as to think about the world after the war. We have been running a number of classes and lectures lately in Accountancy, Insurance and other things which might be useful to them afterwards, but you can't get more than a few to attend. All they want to do is to go on flying. There is scarcely a man here who isn't hoping that he will get sent to Japan."

* * *

The only thing men learn from history, said Hegel, is that men learn nothing from history. Possibly, possibly not. It cannot, I think, be taken as *quite* certain that we are going again to make *quite* the same mistakes as we made at Versailles all over again. But Hegel is certainly right about the birds and the beasts. Take the tits, for instance. Last year they built their nest at the bottom of a water pipe eight feet long, which runs down the side of the house. There was no outlet at the bottom and getting the young birds up the pipe and out of the spout was a devil of a business. For days the parent birds worried at and were baffled by the problem. In the end, they solved it by placing themselves under the young birds and then, flying vertically upwards, pushing up the young birds as they rose. When they reached the top they deposited the nestlings on the rim of the pipe where they sat precariously to receive their first flying lessons. There was no going back—no tentative faltering flights followed by a hurried return to the nest for rest and recovery. Flying had to be done at the first essay or not at all, and one nestling was, in fact, killed. Now the same pair of birds are building in the same place. The fact that there is a legitimate doubt whether Hegel's remark is wholly true demonstrates the superiority of man. It is probable that men learn rarely, if at all, from history certain that birds and beasts never do.

* * *

May Day. Heard three Mozart violin and piano sonatas at the National Gallery. Then saw the Buchenwald film. It was Pascal who said that man is at once the glory and the scum of the universe.

C. E. M. JOAD

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to K. S. C. Dodd.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Few of the Chelmsford electorate could give an explanation of what Common Wealth stands for.

Many doubtless believed they were voting in favour of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and would be horrified if they realised the truth.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*.

National Spinsters' Pensions Association. A meeting in the Babies' Welcome, Bramley.—Advert. in *Bramley Weekly Advertiser*.

Hostels are to be provided by the Treasury for post-war Civil Service recruits who have to work away from their homes. Co-operation in this plan with other large employers is being considered, on the ground that hostels used by Civil Servants only would not be attractive enough socially.—*Daily Telegraph.*

The Town Clerk had reported in his minutes that the committee, of which B. H. M. is convener, had decided to paint the Urinal at the Weigh House in a suitably attractive colour.—From the *Campbelltown Courier*.

Turning to Mr. Burnett, the magistrate, Mr. Daniel Hopkin, said, "You took the fellow's wife, why couldn't you leave his clothes alone?"—*News of the World.*

BUCHENWALD AND WEIMAR

[BY A CORRESPONDENT]

WHEN I asked the young Dutch journalist in Buchenwald whether they had killed any of the S.S. men who had to guard the 20,000 prisoners left behind in the Camp, he replied reluctantly: "I am sorry to say one was killed." And then, proudly: "But 200 were overpowered, disarmed and handed over to the Americans." One of the visitors to the Buchenwald Camp laughed: "Why do you apologise? After all . . ." The reply was: "Anti-Fascist discipline. We have to keep discipline if we want to achieve our aims." I also saw the slogan "Anti-Fascist Discipline" painted across one of the huts.

Discipline and organisation were perhaps the most important method of survival. They found expression in Buchenwald's underground movement. The Camp contained criminals and informers—a dangerous, although tiny, minority—as well as poor, suffering people with no trace of fighting spirit left, human wrecks broken by the terror of the Gestapo. So the others formed their own underground movement. It was organised in small groups, and had several sections. The political section was built on the pattern of the Liberation Committees; it contained representatives of all parties and creeds, drawn from practically all European nationalities. Then there was a section whose business was to organise the "go-slow" movement in the factories where the prisoners had to work for Hitler's war-machine. Finally, there was a military section. It organised fighting groups on military lines for the last and supreme chance. They were slowly, slowly armed. Weapons were smuggled into the camps, in pieces, from the Gustlow Works, the armament factory built in front of the Camp. The weapons were hidden for the day.

It is an amazing experience to find that there are some men, at any rate, who have not been broken under the weight of suffering and torture of this camp. These men live in the future. They wait for the day when they can start work again. ("Work," one of them said when I talked with him about his plans. He had just explained that he was a highly skilled technician. "Work for me is political work.") They elected a Camp Committee on which most nationalities were represented. They have instituted all sorts of sub-committees, clubs, societies. There is a hectic quality about their activities and often about their manner of speech. It was the aim of the S.S. oppressors to mould them into a shapeless, anarchical crowd kept together by outside force and fear. Their own aim was to create organised social life, to regain individuality as persons and as groups.

The German prisoners were, of course, part and parcel of this life. We were told that they had originally started the underground movement and that they had taken a leading part in it. They number about 3,000 out of the 20,000, and their spokesman is Walter Bartels. They have formed their own committee now, just as all the other nationalities have formed theirs. It comprises all parties. In front of their hut stands a gibbet with a Hitler-puppet hanging from it. The inscription reads: "Hitler must die so that Germany may live." Other slogans, written in huge letters across one of the huts, read: "The way to freedom lies through a people's democracy," and: "Build a free democratic Europe."

The journalists and writers of Buchenwald have formed a committee whose aim is to maintain contact between all the former inmates of the Concentration Camps and to disseminate information about Nazi deeds. They want to assist in the building of a free and democratic international order and to prevent a recurrence of Nazism. They have started by stencilling a sheet called "Souvenir" addressed to the American soldier. There he is asked to remember—"remember all the places which you have seen, where thousands and thousands of men were tortured to death and shot. But also: "remember that German anti-Fascists were the first victims of Nazi Concentration Camps, that they collaborated with all the international anti-Fascists at the liberation of the Camp, and so laid the foundation stone of a democratic Germany, free of Nazis."

Hitler and Himmler assumed that every individual, as well as every group, can be broken by terror. There are men in Buchenwald who have proved them wrong.

* * *

On the door of Goethe's house in Weimar there is a notice bearing the stamp of the "Military Government, U.S. Army." It reads: "Strictly off limits for all troops. This is the house where Goethe lived, worked and died. He was the German spirit of liberty, and this house should not be damaged further."

The left wing of Goethe's house at the Frauenplan was hit by a bomb. When I woke the caretaker very early in the morning in order to look round the house, he was overjoyed that there was a visitor. "We don't have any visitors these days," he said sadly. Yes, the Urbino-Room and the staircase received a direct hit on "the ninth February, 1945, at 12.40 in the afternoon." He knew the minute. He also knew exactly where every single piece of furniture had been standing. Everything as Goethe had it when he died 113 years ago. Fortunately, the furniture and manuscripts and books had been evacuated, so nothing was lost. In Goethe's study the sky looked through the hole in the ceiling.

The caretaker complained: "Often released prisoners of war or workers who are passing through Weimar break in and spend the night here. Yesterday, for instance, I found a bunch of Italians who had broken down the door and slept here." I laughed. "Don't you think Goethe would have offered them hospitality? Think of it—Italians, whom he liked so much. And when Napoleon marched through Germany Goethe always offered hospitality to the French." He looked at me blankly. He did not understand.

I walked through the streets, which are still beautiful and charming, in spite of the gaps torn by bombs, in spite of the ghosts from Buchenwald, just over there on the hill. On the other side of the Ilm, in the house in which Franz Liszt lived for many years, the old Director of the Goethe and Schiller Archives is still working amongst his books. He was gloomy. No wine for an old man, no visitors, no academic life. I asked why a man of his standing, his experience, did not start to get it going, to prepare plans for a new educational and academic system? Might they not get somewhere if they tried to do something? "Do something?" He became almost cross. "Yes," he replied. "Do something. Then you might get somewhere, indeed. It all depends where. Maybe into the abyss."

This fear of action, this puzzled passivity is everywhere. In a grocer's shop two or three women entered, asked for this and that—nothing to be had. Two apparently French or Belgian workers entered, wanted to buy some sausage, or whatever else there was. Nothing. The place was literally empty. "Yes," the shopkeeper explained to me. "There were three hundred pounds of sugar for the ration this morning. But they sold. Now there is nothing."

I asked him where he was getting his supplies from, anyhow. For the only vehicles which I could see were horse-drawn. (Even the police drove through town in an old carriage with a very old horse in front.) He explained that he went into the country every morning in order to fetch some milk, some potatoes, or whatever else he could get, and sold it as at least part of the rations. The sugar came from the warehouse. So did some other things. I asked him where the stuff came from to the warehouse. "From Erfurt," he said. "But there are no communications with Erfurt?" "That's right," he nodded. "Well," I asked him, "what are you going to do when the sugar in the warehouse will all be sold?" He did not know. Was he doing anything about it? "Doing? By God, no! Somebody would be." "Who?" He did not know.

There is, at any rate, the appearance of authority, quite a lot of it. The old policemen in their old uniforms are hanging around all the time. They wear Military Government armlets. There is a new mayor, appointed by the Military Government. His name is Kloss. People do not know him. They do not seem to care very much. Somebody says he was a mayor before the Nazis. Which Party? An astonished and puzzled glance —"Party?"

The freedom of the spirit is returning, however,, in the modest shape of a little paper published by the Military Government called *Frankfurter Presse*. It is distributed by a policeman who stands in front of the town hall. The *Frankfurter Presse* is a weekly in the style of a popular daily, containing much war news and, surprisingly—Thomas Mann's reply to the Chancellor of Bonn University. Something at least is achieved: Frankfurters and Weimarians will now have read Mann's famous plea for freedom. Standing there on the square in Weimar, one wonders if those thousands returning from prisons and concentration camps will begin to organise on political lines; if Parties and Trade Unions will develop. At the moment the clock is at a standstill.

LAZY

As I lie awake at the coming of daylight and hear the first quack of the ducks, and reflect on the punctuality with which they leave their straw beds every morning in obedience to the sun, I sometimes wonder whether there is any such thing as a lazy duck, a lie-abed duck, a duck that oversleeps. Is there any duck whose first quack is the voice of the sluggard complaining that the sun has risen too soon? Are there any birds, indeed, except the nocturnal varieties, that are not natural early birds, as incapable of sloth as some of us are of matutinal activity? My own impression is that all the blackbirds of Surrey awake and leave their nests at exactly the same time and that there is not a single indolent blackbird to be found between the Sussex border and the Thames. And, till an ornithologist corrects me, I will believe that the same thing is true of robins, thrushes, tits, chaffinches and hedge-sparrows. The birds need no proverbs to incite them to early rising; they awake mechanically like a million alarm clocks set to go off at the same hour.

I wonder, indeed, whether there is any species of wild creature in which one member differs from another in this matter of morning alertness. Animals that have been trained by man are liable, we know, to be corrupted by his example, and individuals among them have acquired some of his characteristics, notably laziness. Experts on racing are constantly telling us of lazy horses and even among Derby winners, apparently, there have been horses as indolent as the late Arthur Balfour. I have no doubt, too, that one dog differs in lethargy from another. But I fancy that with wild animals it is otherwise. I should be surprised to learn that there is any wild animal, from the rabbit to the rhinoceros, that was ever known to yawn protestingly at having to get up too early.

I doubt whether the wild animals reputed to be lazy can fairly be called lazy. The giant sloth, for example, though less active than the jaguar, probably does all the work necessary for his livelihood without any sense of reluctance. His name, which is said to be a form of "slowth," indicates the slowness of his movements, not a repugnance to effort. And slowness is not the same thing as laziness. We do not call the carthorse lazy because he lacks the speed of the hunter. Of the dormouse I am not quite sure. He unquestionably sounds lethargic in the description of him given in *Animal Life of the British Isles*. "He is," we are told, "a nocturnal beast and spends the hours of sunshine in heavy slumber. So deep is his somnolence and so low his temperature that one not accustomed to his ways might easily imagine him to be actually dead. It is not a case of sleeping with one eye open with the dormouse. He needs, as it were, to be shaken to arouse him." Having in my youth been something of a dormouse myself, I admit that this account of the dormouse's ways does suggest something resembling indolence. At the same time, the dormouse, like the sloth, works for his living; and that is more than I ever wanted to do. He happens to be a night worker, however, and people who lie in bed at night fail to realise that, in his way, he is at least as active as a night policeman. If the Mad Hatter's tea party had taken place in the small hours instead of by daylight, indeed, the dormouse would, beyond doubt, have been by far the most wakeful and energetic of those present.

Even in regard to man I am not sure that we are always fair to the morning lie-abed. Why should we call a man lazy for being in bed at eleven o'clock in the morning and yet never dream of calling a man lazy who is in bed at eleven o'clock at night? Going to bed at eleven at night seems to me to denote a certain degree of sluggishness, except in those subjected to the compulsion of early rising I have no wish to condemn the addict of early-to-bed from the point of view of a moralist. I do not agree with Doctor Johnson's assertion that the man who goes to bed before midnight is a scoundrel. At the same time, is not a good deal of this early bed-going the result of deficiency of will power, of incapacity to maintain an interest in life as soon as the first petty temptations of sleep creep into the eyelids? If you could pick out the twelve laziest men and women in England, I fancy you would find that at least six of them were people who go early to bed. Compare their condition with that of the morning sluggard.. He is—frequently, at least—a person who since childhood has been reluctant to go to bed till the last moment because he hates wasting even a small part of his life in the idleness of sleep. He would like, if he could, to keep awake during all the twenty-four hours of the day. Reading, talking, or walking, he is in rebellion against the tyranny of Nature who, if she had her way, would hale him to bed and leave him lying there like a drugged man soon after sundown.

It was in such a rebellious mood that man invented artificial light which turned night into day and would ultimately, he hoped, I am sure, enable him to live in a state of eternal vigilance. All our candles, gas lamps, and electric lights are primarily instruments for saving us from the sloth of going too early to bed.

Man has not yet adapted himself, however, to the new world of potentially perpetual light. Even the most determined sitter-up feels at last the old ancestral indolence clouding his faculties and soothing him into the self-indulgence of sleep. And, as a result of his struggle to keep awake, he falls into a far deeper oblivion than the early sleepers, and has sunk so far beneath the surface by breakfast time that no alarm bell in the world could reach his senses. As he lies sleeping there in the morning light, his family probably look on him as an intensely lazy dog. I should describe him rather as a figure of energy in repose—energy that had exhausted itself by the excess of its activities and was now recuperating for greater activities to come. I am sure the morning lie-abed would not be depreciated to the extent to which he is if it were not that he upsets the time-table of the ordinary household. He is an offender not against the moral law so much as against the convenience of the majority of his fellows. Clergymen dislike him because he is late for church; schoolmasters dislike him because he is late for school; and housewives dislike him because he is late for meals. This dislike is natural, but is it not also selfish?

And yet, I confess, I have been so saturated all my life with the popular notion of laziness, that I cannot rid myself entirely of the Doctor Watts attitude to morning rest. Even as a boy I regarded as a just man the schoolmaster who crumpled me up with a phrase, as I panted into class five minutes late. I might have explained to him that it had cost me a greater effort to arrive there five minutes late than it had cost all the rest of the class to get there in time—that only by an immense expenditure of will-power had I succeeded in getting out of bed at all, and that, whereas the other boys had walked to school at their leisurely ease, I had run myself out of breath in the fierce pursuit of duty. But one cannot explain things like that to a schoolmaster. And even if I could have done so, I should not have believed in the honesty of my apologia.

The truth is, conscience makes early risers of us all, or, at least, puts us on the side of the early risers. Reason how I may, I cannot make myself feel morally superior to the mass of mankind as I lie in bed waiting for my breakfast to be brought to me. In theory I hold that the dormouse is as noble a creature as the ant, but in practice it is the ant that I hold in the greater respect. I should distrust a Prime Minister who rose late as I should distrust a cook who slept till noon. I should have little faith in an archbishop who was unpunctual at the breakfast table. Did not Mussolini convert a large number of the puritanical English to Fascism merely by introducing punctuality into the railway service? This showed how general is the instinctive hatred of lateness and of all those pleasant vices that go by the name of sluggardliness. Many good men—Johnson and Hazlitt among them—have slept late in the day, but we do not count this to them for virtue. Rather we praise Sir Walter Scott, who could get through a day's writing before breakfast. We admire man most as a diurnal animal who is up and doing early like all the other diurnal animals. It is better, we are convinced, to be a duck than a dormouse. It is the tragedy of us dormice that even we believe this.

Y.Y.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. per line (average 6 words) per insertion. Box numbers 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday, early insertion not guaranteed.

MUSIC

It is a sign of real artistic integrity and disinterestedness that a major pianist should devote the whole of four consecutive recitals to the work of a single composer. There are too many concert-goers who are prepared to sit through the Chromatic Fantasia and a Beethoven Sonata for the sake of the group of fireworks that inevitably concludes a miscellaneous recital; but the audiences for Louis Kentner's four Schubert recitals, which embraced all the sonatas and the *Wanderer Fantasie,* were large enough to show that this kind of venture is worth while. Mr. Kentner's playing drew attention to the combination of poetry and dramatic strength in Schubert's piano style; and the unfinished but superb sonata in C major, which may conceivably be a sketch for the lost "Gastein" symphony, was a really thrilling experience. As an interpreter of classical music Mr. Kentner has certain disadvantages: he appears to think of the music in sections, which tends to disintegrate the form; and his peculiarly romantic conception of *rubato* has the effect of making each movement sound like an improvisation. Where a movement is in fact divided into short, discreet sections, as in the scherzi, these disadvantages are not felt, and we were left in unhampered admiration of the pianist's fine touch, clear outline, and eloquent sense of phrase.

The complete organ works of J. S. Bach are in course of performance by Geraint Jones, in a series of recitals at the West London Synagogue (Upper Berkeley Street). The first recital was given on April 17th. Further programmes on May 15th and at monthly intervals until December.

At the Cheltenham Music Festival, on June 13th, 14th, 15th, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Basil Cameron, will give performances of contemporary English music, as well as of works by Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky and Elgar. During the festival Ralph Hill, Scott Goddard, Mosco Carner and Arthur Bliss will deliver lectures on aspects of modern music.

RADIO NOTES

Rumour has it that an ingenious invention is on its way to us from America—a device which can be set so as to record the transmission of any desired programme, in our absence from home, and play it back to us on our return. I cannot imagine anything more welcome to the radio reviewer harassed by the often conflicting demands of the week's programmes and any of the dozen or so other calls he may have upon his time. If this device were already with us I should not have to apologise to you—as I herewith do—for having nothing to say about the performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Tzar Saltan.* All I can do is congratulate the B.B.C. on reviving this delightful opera—and hope that it may be repeated. Musically it is not so much inferior to *The Golden Cockerel* as to deserve eclipse; and supposing it was generally liked, why not follow it up with another of the same composer's neglected operas, *Kostchei the Deathless,* the plot of which centres round the wicked magician of Stravinsky's *Firebird?*

Most of us are apt to curse Science when the buzz-bomb snores its way towards us; forgetting the constant benefits that buttress our lives and that we take for granted. "What's the point of science?" we rap out; but the answer—though it was roughly to a similar effect—was not given in the series of talks I noticed here last week, but in the latest of Nesta Pain's features: *A Layman Looks at Science.* I confess I approached this programme in a spirit of prejudice. The nineteenth century, culminating in H. G. Wells, was responsible for the cardinal heresy that if only we devoted ourselves to the perfecting of physical amenity, happiness (or spiritual contentment) would look after itself. The last thirty years have amply proved this to be untrue; yet in the lower ranks of science a considerable self-importance is still observable, especially irritating to those who approach life from the point of view of history or poetry or religion. It was the great merit of Mrs. Pain's programme that its tone was wholly other than this. As the layman whom she was addressing, I found her examples admirably chosen, her arguments clearly set out and easy to understand, and the dramatic sequences quite peculiarly exciting. Happenings under a microscope, for instance, can be rendered more imaginatively over the air than in any other way: it is less stimulating, I think, to see something wriggling on a cinema screen than simply to hear it described. And the submarine section introduced by Professor Haldane, which dramatised the experiment with the vitiation of air consequent on the "Thetis" disaster, was the most gripping of appointments with fear. Indeed this sequence was among the most original pieces of sound-montage I have heard for a long time. Elsewhere in the broadcast the author made her point of view clear enough: that the true aim of science is not only the alleviation of suffering—still less the invention of gadgets—but the desire to discover physical truth and the cultivation of a careful scepticism. For those who look to radio as a means to adult education there could hardly be too many programmes like this. The male producers of Features and Drama will have to look lively or they will lose their audiences to Miss Wayne and Mrs. Pain, who are both making real progress amid surrounding wastes of dullness and *réchauffé.*

Recommendations.—*May 6th.—Doctor Thorne.* Episode 1 (8.30).

May 7th.—Symphony Concert (G.F.P., 5.50). "What's the Point of Poetry?" (Talk by Rex Warner, 7.40). "Thought and Feeling" (Anthology, 11.0).

May 8th.—The Cooper's Art (Talk, 6.15).

May 9th.—Brahms's *Requiem* (7.30)

May 10th.—Kendal Festival Concert (7.25). *King Henry the Fourth,* Episode 1 (9.30).

May 11th.—"Do Alliances help World Peace?" (Discussion, 7.30). *Louis Pasteur* (Dramatic portrait, 8.0). Mozart: "Linz" Symphony (10.0).

May 12th.—Dvorak Violin Concerto (Max Rostal, 2.30).

Edward Sackville West

THE MOVIES

Newsreels and "Report on Italy," at Studio Two.

Once more the attention is fixed on ten minutes of newsreel. Bombing of communications, the entry into blasted towns, the hangdog prisoners and civilians with a pramload of belongings and a white flag: these are the camera's impressions during the last lap. Horrifying, but at least an end—except for the commentator whose words seem already attuned to the charity bazaars and horse races to come. Bomber's eye view of Heligoland, a tiny triangle erupting with death. "That'll larn 'em," chortles the commentator, "or will it?" Nothing, at any rate, larns that particular commentator, who has long been an expert at making us squirm.

More horrific still are the pictures of the Belsen and Buchenwald atrocities for which the newspapers had in some measure prepared us. In some measure only, for it is another thing to see these death ovens, common graves, piles of the dead and dying with the camera's dimension. The spectacle of two shapes, once men, shambling mindlessly in a compound and bumping into one another, outdoes any of Goya's Horrors of War. It is a good thing, perhaps, at this moment that the easy-going run of adults should see with their own eyes the starvation and torture they had only read about before. But they should have been reminded that they did read about it, not this year or last, but seven, eight years ago, when they paid little attention. *The Manchester Guardian, The New Statesman and Nation, The News Chronicle,* and other journals gave us the facts while our politicians flirted with Hitler and the man-in-the-street preferred his evening at the dogs. It wouldn't do any harm to remind people that if they had felt more strongly or felt at all then, events might not have proved so encouraging to the Nazis. But, of course, to do that we should have to possess a responsible and intelligent film journalism, which after 25 years we still deplorably lack. The newsreels of Belsen and Buchenwald, terribly informative though they are, neglect even to remind us (since people need reminding) that many of the sufferers in concentration camps were and still are Germans and Jews.

Shall we go back, after the war, to a newsreel society snippets and the picture page? There every sign that we shall; though with the vario film units now working under the M.O.I. it shouldn be difficult to initiate the sort of responsible jour alism I have suggested. Why did we leave it to th Americans to produce the only first-class scree history of the War: the O.W.I.'s *What We A Fighting For?* And Time still Marches On, b not in England. "Tenth Year, No. 8" is the refe ence affixed to the March of Time's latest *Report Italy.* It is quite admirable: I am glad to be ab to say this because in some recent numbers the has been a falling-off both in quality and in im partiality. But here, in the good old style, is precise, factual, hammering, vivid summary of th position in Italy to-day. Smashed cities, starvatio excitement of freedom, Allied occupation, hankering after Fascism, the partisans, trials of traitor Sforza, Mussolini in his glory and shabbily dejected the operatic years and what's left of them: a strikingly compressed into twenty minutes. Th excellent and timely film reminded me more tha ever of the miserable gaps in our own film pro duction. All the other shorts, incidentally, in th programme at Studio Two were also American American Disney, American singing cowboys, Ameri can boys' camp, American mallard shooting. Oh ye and two minutes' official flash from England tellin us all to spare shoe-leather.

William Whitebait

FRENCH ILLUSTRATION

Another treat from C.E.M.A.—and what a treat It was brought from Paris to the basement of th National Gallery, a collection of French illustrate books that leaves one goggling like a child in front of Christmas tree. Some of the illustrations go back t the last century—Degas, Pissarro, Lautrec, Steinlen some have been made during this war, like th masterly Segonzacs and some colour collotypes b Rouault that reach a new level of delicacy in repro duction. But through signal changes in taste, th same rare qualities mark these works as unmistakabl French. A sensuousness, often breaking into wi and always rejoicing in the actual world of men, wome and cities and trees and beasts, even when it transform this world into poetry—some such emotion is recog nisable alike in Gauguin, Maurice Denis, Bonnard Maillol, Matisse, Dufy and Laprade. (It is similarl recognisable in French literature from La Fontaine t Colette.) The Paris artists of foreign origin, Picass Chagall, Miro, Ernst, while encouraged and enlivene by the Paris air, show noticeably less relish for th daily things of life as such. Picasso, for instanc in one of his dynamic illustrations to Buffo glorifies a cock into a bronze phœnix, while Maillo furnishing an eclogue, makes his goat familiar a well as idyllic. I think Bonnard represents the qualit I have been trying to describe at its most acute. H is not a very certain draughtsman, as his nudes to often reveal. But he envelops a face, a hammock, line of trees, with an aura, as it were, of friendline that evokes the memory of our own pleasure in suc things. (Part of the Renoir *Parapluies,* now on vie in the National Gallery, imparts the same feeling— look at the hats of the little girls.)

The excellent catalogue (which is defaced by mis spellings of Baudelaire and Gauguin) contains a introduction by Mr. Philip James with interestin comparisons between French and English notions o the illustrated book. It is also embellished by foreword including a point specially welcome becaus of the authority it must carry, coming as it does fro the pen of Lord Keynes:

"The sight of these books will at least encourag us to insist that we should forget austerity and 'wa emergency agreements' at the earliest possibl moment, and that there are such things as false econo mies in knowledge and the civilising arts, which, i fact, use up an infinitesimal quantity of materials i relation to their importance in the national life an the comfort they can give to the individual spirit. The comfort given, I would add, persists into a ordinary life, because here we have seen it revealed a so engaging.

Roger Marvell.

Correspondence

DERELICT FAMILIES

SIR,—As a contributor to the study, "Our Towns," I was interested in N. R. Tillett's article in your issue of April 28th. For twenty-eight years superintendent of a large staff of health visitors dealing with over 200,000 children under fourteen, I can corroborate the statements about vermin and filth, bedding soaked and stained by urine and fæcal matter. In a very large percentage of cases the fundamental cause is mental or physical deterioration of one or both parents, usually the mother. For, however inefficient a father may be, if the mother is a capable citizen she often contrives to save the situation. Mental illness, either congenital mental deficiency or incipient dementia, is *a* factor, *not* the main one. Frequently the primary cause is poor physical condition of that combined cook-housemaid-laundress-seamstress-nurse-and-chancellor-of-the-exchequer, the mother. Either she has had too many pregnancies, or her general health is poor—serious heart, or kidney disease, or glandular disorder.

Prison visitors have referred to the poor general condition of women convicted of child neglect. In the "Marlesford Lodge" case, when sentencing the mother of the child involved the magistrate said: "he was impressed by the fact she was not in good health, otherwise he would have sent her to gaol." In the O'Neill case the boys' parents had nine children. A woman aged thirty-four, recently imprisoned for child neglect, had nine children. She existed in four small rooms; no bathroom, outside "convenience." This woman, with very defective teeth and in poor health, had to do work no maid or charwoman could have been induced to tackle. Yet, her fellow citizens sentenced her, weakened though she was by illness and continuous childbearing. Not long ago a woman accused of child neglect was carried into court on a stretcher. *She* died in prison. The "handicapped" families are a discredit to housing estates. They are a menace in the schools, where they keep alive vermin and other infections. Every report on juvenile delinquency refers to that predominating cause, the "broken home." The home of the handicapped family is one type of broken home; no tact can disguise the frequent examination of children for verminous conditions; or wipe out neighbours' awareness of repeated visits by one officer and another.

Ninety per cent. of parents are coping successfully with their responsibilities. It is *not* beyond our power to help the failures. First, we need a survey of the problem, under the direction of the Minister of Health, carried out by the medical officer of health of each area, the prime investigators being the health visitors, who know all these families. The study must include three generations of each family, children, parents, and grandparents. The main lines of inquiry should be health, education, employment, housing, income, and all other relevant items must be embodied. When the facts have been tabulated and evaluated we shall know why we have handicapped families and be enabled to devise remedial measures.

33 South Street,
Durham.

H. S. COOPER HODGSON

SOCIALISM IS PATRIOTISM

SIR,—Returning from a speaking tour in Scotland, I find few English Socialists know what a wave of new hope and interest swept Scotland as a result of the Motherwell by-election, and fewer still who realise they ought to share this feeling.

Most Socialists in Scotland spontaneously welcomed the result because, consciously or half-consciously, they recognise that the rising tide of nationalist feeling, which spreads far beyond the tiny Nationalist Party, is potentially a progressive force. Essentially it is a reaction to the ever increasing control of Scottish economic life by huge monopolies centred in London, who have devastated and depopulated the country. Scots Socialists hope that as a result of Motherwell the Labour Party will take steps to direct this powerful anti-monopoly force towards the constructive ends of Socialism. Otherwise it is likely to find a destructive outlet in isolationism.

What is required is not some vote-catching gesture of decentralisation for Scotland but a real understanding throughout the British Labour movement that patriotic feelings are not inevitably reactionary, nor opposed to internationalism.

Across Europe patriotism and socialism have been converging. All the Resistance movements include patriots who do not call themselves Socialists, but want to nationalise more industries than the Labour Party proposes to nationalise in five years, and to do the job at once, because the owners of these industries were collaborators. Frequently to-day, Scottish capitalists and Tories are referred to as Quislings and collaborators.

It was clear at Chelmsford that many Tories abstained from voting because Common Wealth speakers produced such irrefutable proof that monopoly capital to-day and its Tory spokesmen during the election are unpatriotic—Cartels know no country.

Yet the Scots, the Resistance Movements and Common Wealth, like Stalin, the Georgian Nationalist, are all strongly internationalist. Healthy nationalism is a necessary complement to internationalism. For ordinary people must have some feeling of pride in, and active participation in the economic and cultural life of their locality or nation before they can look beyond to larger horizons.

The Nazi "New Order" represented a brittle unity of centrally imposed uniformity. Whereas the U.S.S.R. has demonstrated the flexible strength of a unity of a diversity of a dozen or more nationalities fostering their different cultures and developing regional economies.

Nationalism cannot be ignored: either it will be a major factor in achieving Socialism or it will wreck all our chances of a better Britain or a secure peace in Europe and the World.

59 Paramount Court,
W.C.1.

KITTY WINTRINGHAM

CHELMSFORD AND CHURCHILL

SIR,—A report circulated by the Press Agencies of my statement following the declaration of the poll at Chelmsford on Friday last attributed to me the somewhat amazing remark that the result of the by-election was not a blow against Churchill.

The Conservative candidate, Flight Lieutenant Cook, emphasised throughout the election that a vote for him was a vote for Churchill and the National Government. The Constituency was plastered with posters bearing Churchill's photographs and the slogan—Back Him Up. During the campaign I pointed out frequently to the electors that my opponent was Cook, lest they had been led to believe by the Tory propaganda that Mr. Churchill was up for election.

It would, therefore, have been a considerable terminological inexactitude if I had made this amazing statement which appeared in Thursday's evening papers. My Press Agent asked the Press Association on Thursday evening to deny this statement, but in spite of this, it appeared in many of the daily papers on Friday.

It is, in fact, not a distortion, but a complete fabrication. I made no reference to Mr. Churchill in the short speech I gave at the declaration of the poll, nor yet to any newspaper reporter. I said only that Chelmsford had voted for a new way of living.

E. R. MILLINGTON

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JONATHAN CAPE

GERMAN GUILT

SIR,—I was surprised to read in Critic's column of April 14th that the German people were often more ignorant of the horrors of the concentration camps than the British public.

I recently met two young men who had been interned in frightful conditions at Neckargerach in Baden. From this camp the internees had to walk to their place of work, and they passed through a village. At week-ends this village was always crowded with visitors from the nearby towns, and in the evening it was apparently a popular entertainment to come out into the streets and jeer at these half-starved men dragging their way back after a 12-hour day's work dressed only in pyjamas without any kind of footwear. The evidence of these young men is unimpeachable and I think that it shows that the problem of dealing with the German people is intricate.

But far more important to my mind is the attitude of the liberated people in Europe. On a long term view, the problem of re-educating and reconstructing Germany is obviously important, and some aspects of this problem require immediate action. But the future of Europe depends infinitely more on the establishment of real understanding between the liberated countries and ourselves. People in England must realise the psychological results which German inhumanity has produced. They must make the imaginative effort necessary to understand that hatred, disgust and the desire for retribution are realities in Europe to-day. The war the Germans let loose has produced many terrible results, and amongst them it has rendered certain forms of idealism not only impracticable but dangerous. The conception of the brotherhood of man has received a terrible setback at Neckargerach, and hundreds of other places. The concentration camps of Germany impose on the people of Britain a duty of solidarity with the peoples of Europe, who have suffered in a way we haven't, and it is surely the Labour Party and the Left which have the chief responsibility for making Britain conscious of this duty.

Radiodiffusion Française, D. STURGE MOORE
118 Champs Elysées,
Paris.

POLITICAL POLICE

SIR,—In connection with the trial of the four anarchists at the Old Bailey last week, I should like to draw your attention to the disquieting fact that, during the trial, officers of the Special Branch (including two of the detective inspectors who gave evidence for the prosecution) carried out an intensive inspection of the identity cards of the members of the public who attended the trial, and carefully recorded the particulars.

This seems a further sinister incident in the growing and impertinent campaign of the political police against civil liberties. I can suggest two possible motives. The first is a terroristic one, of attempting to frighten away members of the public by giving an appearance of wrongdoing to their attending such a trial. The second, and even more reprehensible motive, appears to be that of gaining a complete list of all persons sympathetic with the views of the accused people, or even merely eager to learn what is really happening in the fight for free speech.

I submit that such actions are contrary to the principle of open access which has always been regarded as incidental to the administration of the law in this country. They also illustrate the unobtrusive growth of the influence and activity of the political police—"that foul and un-English institution," as Herbert Read has called it.

27, Red Lion Street, W.C.1. GEORGE WOODCOCK

A NOTABLE MUSICIAN

SIR,—The death a few weeks ago of Miss Francesca Allinson is of more than momentary interest to musicians in this country, many of whom will never have known her name. Miss Allinson was the daughter of the famous Dr. Allinson, and was gifted with great sensibility in all the arts, but more especially in music. In her student days she trained an excellent *capella* choir and was singing Monteverdi five part madrigals at a time when they were less known in England even than now. I owe my appreciation of Monteverdi in great part to her own love for him. But her big field of work was the production of Purcell editions for the German publishing house of Nagel. The Purcell editions of the Nagel Archives are entirely her work, though Just, the German editor, was reluctant to admit her name beside his and, in fact, her name is missing from the first printings. This edition of the Fantasies is the finest obtainable. (The Warlock-Mangeot edition is edited for performance and is occasionally inaccurately transcribed from the MS, while the Purcell Society's volume is even yet not printed.)

During the last years, despite a wasting illness, which has eventually brought about her most untimely death, she was preparing a monograph on English and Irish folk tunes. She had a remarkable ear for pure melody, and could detect the true flavour of a tune behind the most perverse editings and harmonisations. She was struck by the fact that certain of Cecil Sharp's collected tunes with an easily recognisable flavour do not appear, nor tunes like them, in any of the great earlier collections (notably Chappell). She was of the opinion that these tunes were really Irish in provenance. She set out to examine the problem in great detail, and was led thereby to a correspondence with Vaughan Williams, whose refutation of her theory she agreed to publish with her own work. I hope to be able to finish this monograph as she would have wanted it, and to publish it with the refutation, not only for the general interest of the subject but also for the collection of beautiful tunes, which the work contains. It is, in my opinion, a remarkable piece of scholarship and criticism of the whole field of folk-song.

Morley College, London. MICHAEL TIPPETT

HELP FOR HOLLAND

SIR,—Your readers might like to know that gifts of non-perishable food, clothing and other necessities can be sent to, and are gratefully received by, The Royal Netherlands Government, Stratton House, Stratton St., W.1, or The Help Holland Council, Norman House, Strand, W.C.2, for despatch to liberated Holland. The Dutch people's need is terrible and urgent, and their cause should need no urging.

7, Thornfield Court, T. VOGLER
N.W.7

SIR FRANCIS ROSE

SIR,—There still seems to be some misunderstanding in connection with my recent exhibition in Paris in spite of the various paragraphs and photographs which have been published in the daily and weekly press. The exhibition was not organised by any British official body, nor by an "undefined Franco-American cultural group," but by the 441st Troop Carrier Group of the U.S. Army as part of a Special Services Programme for the American troops in Paris. Transport was organised by the American Army. There has never been any mystery about this. I have no pretensions to represent British painting in Paris.

2, Rossetti House, FRANCIS ROSE
Flood Street, S.W.3.

SIR,—I regret that I must inform you that the letter which appeared in your issue of Saturday, April 28th, and signed by Mr. Leonard Greaves, as from this address, was written without any authority from this Institute.

I would like to add that the C.I.A.D. is unable to associate itself with any controversy concerning the Exhibition of Paintings of Sir Francis Rose, which was held recently in Paris.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

We all know that if we hear an out-of-the-way fact or word, we shall encounter it again presently in some quite unrelated way. On the day when the trial of Mrs. Duncan under the 1735 Witchcraft Act began to fill fantastic columns in the press, I picked a book at random from the shelves of a country friend, opened it, and read:—

> Lord Grange chose to make his maiden speech on the Witches Bill, as it was called; and being learned in demonologia, with books on which subject his library was filled, he made a long, canting speech that set the House in a titter of laughter.

The book was the *Autobiography of Dr. Alexander Carlyle,* and Lord Grange was the principal heritor or patron of his father's parish of Prestonpans. As I read on I found with delight that this judge, who left the bench and got a pocket borough in order to convince Parliament that if witch-burning were stopped, the whole country would be given over to devil-worship, was the same Erskine of Grange who kidnapped his wife and kept her on St. Kilda.

> There she continued to live to the end of her days, which was not before the year 1745, in the most wretched condition, in the society of none but savages, and often with scanty provision of the coarsest fare, and but rarely enjoying the comfort of a pound of tea, which she sometimes got from shipmasters who accidentally called. Lord Grange's accomplices in this atrocious act were believed to be Lord Lovat and the Laird of McLeod, the first as being the most famous plotter in the kingdom, and the second as equally unprincipled, and the proprietor of the island of St. Kilda. What was the most extraordinary was that, except in conversation for a few weeks only, this enormous act, committed in the midst of the metropolis of Scotland, by a person who had been Lord Justice-Clerk, was not taken the least notice of by any of her own family, or by the King's Advocate or Solicitor, or any of the guardians of the laws.

Alexander Carlyle was a minister not by vocation but by inheritance and profession. The son and grandson of ministers, he was naturally pressed by his father, who had eight children to educate on £140 a year, into a trade where the family had some influence. Alexander went to Edinburgh University at fifteen and managed to spin out the customary seven years' college of the Scots divinity student to ten, by a couple of years at Glasgow and one at Leyden. Then he resigned himself to fate and was presented to Inveresk, the parish of the ancient port of Musselburgh, near by his father's village on the Firth of Forth. So near that the congregation knew him a thought too well.

> There arose much murmuring in the parish against me, as too young, too full of levity, and too much addicted to the company of my superiors, to be fit for so important a charge, together with many doubts about my having the grace of God, an occult quality which the people cannot define. More, they objected that I danced frequently in a manner prohibited by the laws of the Church; that I wore my hat aglee, and had been seen galloping through the Links one day between one and two o'clock.

However, the people accepted him, and he settled down at Inveresk for the rest of a long life. It suited him admirably, for though he seems to have been a kind and conscientious minister, his real interest was in good company. Edinburgh was within easy riding distance over the shoulder of Arthur's Seat, and thither he constantly resorted to take part in Church politics, where he was a leading member of the Moderate Party which supported the patronage of the Crown and the landlords against the democrats or Highflyers. In the eighteenth century, inevitably, the upholders of patronage prevailed, which was pleasant for Carlyle. He married an English wife, which took him often to Newcastle, where he found the society, both town and country, uneducated and coarse compared with that of Scotland. Also, he was deputed by the Church Assembly to get the Scottish clergy exempted from window-tax, and spent happy seasons in London canvassing the great. But his real delight was in the conversation clubs.

It sounds like a chronicle of small beer—or claret rather. Carlyle, like all Scots of his age, despised "John Bull's" beer and disliked his port about equally. But in fact, the tale is not so trivial. Carlyle took part in some stirring events. He was an eye-witness of the Porteous Riots, one of the mystery thrillers of Scottish history. He was one of the student corps who volunteered to defend Edinburgh against Prince Charlie in the 45, for the Presbyterian clergy were among the minority (as he is clear it was) of the nation who supported the Hanoverian kings; and he watched the ten-minute battle of Prestonpans from his father's church tower. He saw plenty of the great figures of his time, viewing them from that middling vantage-point which is as good as any. Does not this account of the elder Pitt speaking raise a modern echo?

> He spoke for half an hour, with an overpowering force of persuasion, more than the clear conviction of argument. . . .With all our admiration of Pitt's eloquence, which was surely of the highest order, Robertson and I felt the same sentiment, which was the desire to resist a tyrant, who, like a domineering schoolmaster, kept his boys in order by raising their fears without wasting argument upon them.

But this book is mainly interesting for its account of the Scots intellectuals. They were an astonishing galaxy—the more astonishing if it is remembered that Scotland, consistently misgoverned after the Union of the Crowns, and with its foreign trade destroyed by the Union of the Parliaments, was desperately poor. The lairds indeed welcomed the new agriculture, gave up their custom of going abroad for education, and lost their culture while they improved their lands. But the poverty-stricken population of two or three millions threw up a spray of individuals talented in literature, learning, and law, in art and architecture, in science and engineering, which gave eighteenth-century Scotland the likeness of a bare house sheltering a brilliant family. Alexander Carlyle was naturally fitted to be a family annalist. He was himself popular, partly in virtue of his great beauty—he was nicknamed "Jupiter Carlyle," though he never mentions his looks. But he implies he was a good conversationalist, as one can deduce from his style, which has the ease of a man who has been talking, and talking well, for three-quarters of a century. He was not a snob in the vulgar manner: it is indeed difficult to this day to be socially pretentious in a country where every man's family is well known. In any case Carlyle had too much sense; he made terrific fun of an aunt who married a Lyon and set up for an aristocrat, and "whose head was constantly swimming with vanity." But he was an intellectual snob: he adored talent and distinction wherever he found them. He belonged to the group centred round David Hume, which consisted mainly of ministers who, like himself, were tolerant enough, and brave enough, to face popular horror at the Atheist Philosopher. It contained Robertson and Ferguson, the historians, Adam Smith, John Home of the *Douglas Tragedy,* the Adam family. All of these he describes with a pen dipped in love and laughter. For, being a Scot, he was incapable of worshipping blindly even those he admired most and held in true affection.

It is natural to set these men beside Johnson's group, with which the Scottish *Literati* had many cross-connections. But a comparison with the London wits is impossible, though the northern company, on the average, must have been as interesting. Scotland had no Johnson, and her Boswell was absorbed elsewhere. Carlyle was not a genius, nor even a diarist; he repeats few conversations. He sheds illumination, however, on one side of Johnson. Every British child is taught that no smartness excuses wounding or offensive personal remarks; yet, later on, it is perplexed by having held up for admiration a man who delighted in hurting his friends' feelings, and being rude to strangers. Now Carlyle makes it plain that personalities ("raillery" is his word for it) were the fashion of the age, much as wise-cracking is a verbal trick in the States to-day.

> David Hume and Dr. John Jardine were both admirable, and had the peculiar talent of rallying their companions on their good qualities. . . . Lindsay was a hussar in raillery, who had no mercy, and whose object was to display himself and to humble the man he played on. . . . Happily for conversation, this horseplay raillery has been left off for more than thirty years among the clergy and other liberals.

What Carlyle did attempt, and often successfully, was the character-sketch. His portrait of David Hume, that "innocent good creature," is wholly delightful. He turns off his own dearest friend neatly:

> John Home was an admirable companion, and most acceptable to all strangers who were not offended with the levities of a young clergyman, for he was very handsome and had a fine person, about 5 feet 10½ inches, and an agreeable catching address; he had not much wit, and still less humour, but so much sprightliness and vivacity, and such an expression of benevolence in his manner, and such an unceasing flattery of those he liked (and he never kept company with anybody else), the kind commendations of a lover, not the adulation of a sycophant—that he was truly irresistible, and his entry to a company was like opening a window and letting the sun into a dark room.

Home's *Douglas Tragedy* occasioned the greatest personal drama of Carlyle's life. He went to see it, and the Synod of local clergy tried him for this sinful conduct. A favourable sentence was passed by a small majority, and when the affair was referred to the General Assembly it was overwhelmingly confirmed. Carlyle regarded this as a signal triumph for his own pet principle of toleration. John Home, oddly enough, suffered no persecution for writing the play. His presbytery of Haddington liked him, and delayed action till he resigned his parish and took entirely to the life of letters. However, the propriety of the clergy going to the play was assured by this test case on the blameless work of Home.

> It is remarkable that in the year 1784, when the great actress Mrs. Siddons first appeared in Edinburgh, during the sitting of the General Assembly, that court was obliged to fix all its important business for the alternate days when she did not act, as all the younger members, clergy as well as laity, took their stations in the theatre on those days by three in the afternoon.

Strange, how moral values alter; all this pother about going to the theatre, and no disapproval at all for heavy drinking. Carlyle and his friends must have had heads like teak. Of course wine was plentiful and very cheap. Thus at the famous Poker Club the rule was:—

> The dinner on the table soon after two o'clock, at one shilling a head, the wine to be confined to sherry and claret, and the reckoning to be called at six o'clock.

That is four hours' continuous drinking and conversation,—Carlyle indeed despises "inebriety," but commends "conviviality."

> Dr. Cuming had both training and sagacity, and very agreeable conversation, with a constitution able to bear the conviviality of the times.

And of an opposing Church leader, Webster:

> His appearance of great strictness in religion not acting in restraint of his convivial humour, he was held to be excellent company, even by those of dissolute manners; while, being a five-bottle man, he could lay them all under the table. This had brought on him the name of Dr. Magnum Bonum in the time of faction; but never being indecently the worse for liquor, and a love of claret to any degree not being reckoned in those days a sin in Scotland, all his excesses were pardoned.

I should like to write this article simply as a study of Alexander Carlyle himself, for as an example of Conservative psychology he is a museum piece. But I thought the selection of some of his passages would commend the book to people like me, who will pick up knowledge if it is divertingly presented, and like wandering along the path that lies between the woods of history and the waters of literature.

Freda White

NEW NOVELS

Loving. By HENRY GREEN. *Hogarth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Light in the Dust. By WILLY GOLDMAN. *Grey Walls Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Royal Game. By STEFAN ZWEIG. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Green's new novel begins "Once upon a day," and ends "happily ever after." Those are the phrases he uses. It is not, however, a fairy-story that he puts between them, even though there is a runaway marriage in the last sentence but one. It is not even a romantic world that he draws. His book is about loving: not love, not a simple noun, but a continuous, rather nagging present participle, or more probably a gerund. In Mr. Green's book this activity is carried on largely below stairs, and for one brief explosive scene above them, in a great castle in Ireland, where a rich widow, Mrs. Tennant, lives with her daughter-in-law, "Mrs. Jack," and her grandchildren; they are cared for by servants to the number of eleven. It is a world which existed four years ago, but which one now, rightly or wrongly, thinks of as nearing its vanishing-point. If one gets this impression from Mr. Green's book, it is not because Mr. Green forces it upon one; but the idea of an evanescent world seems implicitly stressed by the elopement of Raunce the butler and Edith the housemaid, who go away in the end, partly for the "lovely money" to be earned in England, but mainly because the castle will no longer contain their emotions.

A third of the way through the story, and superbly placed, occurs the incident which provides its core. Edith, herself in a state of unexpressed and unfulfilled loving, and with three people in a state of loving her, goes into Mrs. Jack's bedroom one morning and draws the curtains. The daylight illumines the bed, in which Mrs. Jack is discovered, nude, and with a lover. Edith almost faints, but manages to withdraw into the passage and to shut the door; outside it she meets Miss Burch, the head housemaid, and with difficulty explains what has happened.

> "In there," Edith added. She seemed at her last gasp.
>
> "In where?" Miss Burch asked grim.
>
> For two moments Edith struggled to get breath.
>
> "A man," she said at last.
>
> "God save us, a man," Miss Burch muttered, knocked and went straight through, shutting the door after. Edith leant against the table, the one that had naked cupids inlaid with precious woods on its top. She bent her head. She seemed afraid she might be sick. But when Miss Burch came out again as she did at once, Edith drew herself straight to hear the verdict.
>
> "'E's puttin' 'is shirt on," was all Miss Burch said, shocked into dropping her aitches. Then she added as though truly broken-hearted,
>
> "Come on away, my girl. Let 'im get off h'out."

It is round this bedroom scene that the book, at once comic and pathetic, revolves. In despondency and amazement, the scene is spoken of, retold, doubted, asserted, imagined, and talked, talked, talked about. It is the point on which are centred all the emotions of Edith and of the others who are loving her. But it is a point they never reach. This central incident has its parallel in Mr. Green's last novel, *Caught*, where the brief abduction of the child by a mad woman had the same importance. *Caught* was a more serious book than *Loving* is; but the new novel is more tightly and more successfully knit, and its characters are more brilliantly interwoven with one another. An emotional Black Hole of Calcutta is the theme of both books. The Black Hole of Calcutta is, we have sometimes been told, an imaginative exaggeration of some lesser evil that happened; and perhaps it never did happen. And perhaps no atmospheres in life are quite so intense and concentrated as those of Mr. Green's Auxiliary Fire Service during its waiting period, and of his Irish castle during another waiting period; but a book demands such a concentration, and *Loving* achieves its necessary unity of atmosphere more certainly than the earlier novel did. The studied casualness with which Pye's suicide was told in *Caught* struck one as a mannerism, and one observed it as such at once. There is greater subtlety in *Loving*. It is not, for example, till after one has put the book down that one realises precisely how some of the novel's furnishings have contributed to its total effect: the lifeless castle, the unromantic doves and peacocks, the vanishing ring—all of them the purposeful inverse of fairy-story magic.

The story is largely a series of dialogues, and this sets Mr. Green a particular problem: what is to be done with the surrounding narrative? The dialogue is mainly between servants, and the servants' world is always present, even in the few scenes above stairs. Mr. Green appears to have chosen to let the idiom of his human figures slip beyond the figures' outlines and mildly to invade the landscape and the furniture: as in painting, this is not a flaw, but a charm and an assurance. Everything in the book seems done reflectively and deliberately; and what in the first pages—as, doubtless, in the passage quoted above—cannot seem other than affectation, soon seems a necessity. There is no deviation into preciosity: Mr. Green avails himself of whatever vocabulary he needs. The style of the book has the effect of keeping one wholly alert. It is a most satisfying novel.

Perhaps to disguise a self-pity which would otherwise seem too gross to read about, Mr. Willy Goldman in his new book has adopted an old-fashioned framework. He presents his story in the form of the diary of a dead friend. It is principally about the horrible situation of a slum-born writer, about the shifts to which he has to put himself in order to write, and about the perversion of character which these produce. All this Mr. Goldman describes very well, and at its best *The Light in the Dust* recalls his powerful earlier book *East End My Cradle*. But Mr. Goldman seems at no point to realise how despicable his young author finally becomes. The book concerns first the young man in his working-class surroundings and later his contacts with a publisher and with two middle-class women. The publisher, drawn satirically, is brilliantly done, as is most of the first half of the book; but the women enlist our sympathy where they are apparently not intended to. Julia in particular does not seem to be the "psychologically uncompromising capitalist" in personal relationships that she is meant to be. And the hero himself would take some beating in his talent for exploitation; though the author appears unaware of this.

Mr. Goldman frequently writes with extraordinary ability, and clearly has all the gifts necessary for writing a first-class book; but he will not write it until the "strong personal quality," rightly remarked on by the blurb, has modified itself. He has had forced upon him by circumstances many horrors which most writers are fortunate enough to escape; they provide him with unquestionably important material; but it is doubtful if any novelist can survive so complete a lack of generosity towards other people as Mr. Goldman evinces.

The Royal Game is a long short-story about a chess-game; it is published together with two other *novellen*, one called *Letter from an Unknown Woman*, which employs the old-fangled device of the written confession, the other called *Amok*, which employs the old-fangled device of the traveller's tale. All three stories are efficiently executed, and all three are super-charged with a deliberately calculated, artificial, nauseating emotionalism. Zweig was an inventive writer, but rarely can inventions have had so little significance; one wonders if even their author was taken in by them.

HENRY REED

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A WING AND A PRAYER

The Wing. By ROM LANDAU. *Faber.* 16*s.*

This book is curiously blended. It is perhaps more revealing of life in the Royal Air Force than any book published during the war—certainly than any of the shining pages inspired by Government. The story steadily carries the reader forward through some very dull extracts from Mr. Landau's spiritual life, and it sustains its interest even when it trails away in the mists and tragedies of its ending which might have been taken from *Misunderstood.* Thanks to the interest of an Air Marshal, the author was given a commission in the Service to help with members of the Polish Air Force. He was sent to see something of Royal Air Force life and started his career in September, 1939, at "Manhill." Here, within a fortnight, "I lost my heart completely to the R.A.F.," and to "Manhill." Throughout his brief service life he looked back with undying affection. His brother officers quickly took to him, accepting his somewhat privileged position, which betrayed itself on his last day by his telling the C.O. that one of the officers proposed to fly him in a Wellington without a second pilot. This was stopped, to the fury of the pilot, who only forgave the author over lunch. "'I'm glad, R. L., you went to see the C.O. this morning. This is one up to you, you son of a bitch.' And he instantly asked me to lend him a pound."

The charms of active service at "Manhill" gave place to the dreariness of "Sleethole" with its shocking food and handful of "Admin" officers for the Polish show to get started. At "Sleethole," Landau found himself in the embarrassing position of being appointed as right-hand man to the C.O. of the station ("among the riffraff of 'Sleethole' he looked like a smart young squire who had drifted into a jumble sale in a disused barn") who neither wanted a right-hand man nor knew that one had been appointed. The author here learned one of the first principles of service life: that even if you are pulling a string with an air marshal on the end, it is prudent to give a gentle tug in the direction of a civil servant to make certain that your exertions "are co-ordinated through the proper service channels." He learned this lesson to good effect and hitched his fortunes to a most potent civil servant, Mr. Braynelaw. This worthy—sometimes masquerading as what he called a Woolworth Air Vice-Marshal—seemed to have an infinity of powers and had no difficulty in transferring Mr. Landau out of the Polish adventure into a job as an air gunner, in spite of age and eyesight. Thereafter, Mr. Landau takes the reader through all the works of training, the achievement of the Wing and then the final crushing blow of our Air Staff op's. job at a Group Headquarters. Here the company was nauseating, the job tedious, and the author looked back to "Manhill" much as a homesick schoolboy looks back to the comforts and dignity of home. After a few outspoken comments on the running of the Op's Room, the author passed through a confusion of stormy interviews to the enervating calm of civilian life—"I prayed again on the day that I became a civilian"—this was followed by the inevitable attention of the Security Service. "Never in the whole of our history have so many wasted so much time in sniffing out the affairs of so few," he says with pardonable annoyance.

It is not easy to write a book of this kind without betraying an excess of sensibility, without here and there giving the impression of sloppiness and absorbtion in self. This book is no exception, though it will be redeemed for many by the complete absence of bitterness with which it is written, and the very deep affection which the author plainly has for the Service in which he strove to fight. The great administrative machine of the Fighting Forces is not so constructed as to absorb the misfits, but Mr. Landau shows that in the Royal Air Force at least the kindliness of comrades can soften even the savage gaucherie of the machine.

ROGER FULFORD

THE ELUSIVE CLASSICS

Virgil: The Eclogues and the Georgics. Translated into English verse by R. C. Trevelyan. *Cambridge University Press.* *7s. 6d.*

As words cannot do everything, poets have often to compromise. Translators, *a fortiori*, must nearly always compromise—for each language has its own deficiencies as well as its own capacities. Thus, where the Latin language almost calls for certain things to be said in it, the English language will sometimes hardly allow them to be said; this especially applies to Horace and Virgil. What is the translator to do when confronted with such poets whose literal—or prose—meaning counts for little in proportion to their total—or poetic—meaning? This latter meaning is brought out in the original by all kinds of formal subtleties to which in English verse we cannot do more than approximate. If the translator plumps for "meaning" in the narrow sense, i.e., for literal accuracy, he is liable to turn out something as dull as a school crib—and, in the long run, as misleading. If, on the other hand, he plumps for the feel of the poetry as poetry, and frees himself from literal accuracy in order to "recreate" the "spirit" of his original, he most often either creates something quite alien to that original or, because he is himself uncreative, fails to create anything at all. In English we have had during the last century many shocking examples of this kind of free translation.

Nowadays there is among translators a reaction from freedom in favour of "faithfulness"—but of a faithfulness that will go beyond the school crib. Beginning with the literal content, they then, while adding to, or subtracting from, that content as little as possible, try to salvage *via* their *presentation* of it—i.e., by phrasing, word-order, rhythm, vowel-pattern, etc.—those elements which in the original heightened the content into poetry. It is to this school that Mr. Trevelyan belongs, and in these latest translations, having a genuine love for his author and being a man of integrity, he does give something more than the merely narrow meaning, and that something more is, so far as it goes, Virgilian. He is not very daring with words, and the virtues of his method are largely negative; he has obviously been at pains to avoid false diction, stunting, and obviously wrong forms. Negatively, then, he is on the right track. This is not such faint praise as it may sound; surrounded as we are by libraries of viciously translated classics, our first duty as translators is to avoid the vices of our predecessors. If, in avoiding those, we produce something that is dignified, though maybe bare, and rings—if but faintly—true, we have done something worth while. Thus, Mr. Trevelyan's *Georgics*, though not great translations, are worth while.

I say "not great," because, to my feeling, he lacks two things—creative power and the poetic sense of touch. Thus, while avoiding the grosser errors of taste, he technically commits certain errors of judgment—for instance, in his metrics. In translating the *Eclogues* he takes as his norm "an unrimed verse of seven, and occasionally eight, accents," which he compares misleadingly to "the normal half-stanza of the English ballad," but which more resembles the loose versification of Blake's prophetic books. Mr. Trevelyan chose this form because, being about the same length as an hexameter, it allowed him "to translate line for line with very little omission or expansion"—a good reason; also because this metre "has at least the merit of swiftness of movement"—another good reason, if it were true. Unfortunately, the movement of his *Eclogues*, like the movement of Blake's prophetic books, is, on the whole, shambling rather than rapid. In the *Georgics*, on the other hand, he gives up the attempt at a line-for-line translation, and falls back on blank verse as being "the subtlest and most plastic" of English metres, explaining that in Virgil "mastery of movement comes first in importance." But his version, for all its other merits, does not show mastery of movement. Inevitably—and rightly—he varies his rhythms, inverting the stresses or inserting extra syllables, but these variations—to my ear—do not come naturally.

A verse translation, ideally, should be what Dr. Johnson demanded of Wit: "at once natural and new." Mr. Trevelyan lacks that novelty which will make an old theme live for a modern reader. It is instructive here to compare him with Cecil Day Lewis, whose translation of the *Georgics* was published in 1940. Many readers, who feel at home with blank verse, and who dislike colloquial diction (let alone slang), will prefer Mr. Trevelyan's version, but for me Mr. Day Lewis, being himself more creative, is more recreative of Virgil in rhythm, texture and phrasing. To begin with, he was happier in his choice of "a rhythm based on the hexameter, containing six beats in each line but allowing much variation of pace and interspersed with occasional short lines"; this achieves what Mr. Trevelyan attempted but failed to achieve in his *Eclogues*.

Quotations will illustrate the difference between these two versions. For Virgil's "Arctos Oceani metuentes aequore tingui," where Trevelyan has "the Bears who dread to plunge 'neath Ocean's plain," Day Lewis, while losing somewhat the meaning of *aequor*, retains the advantage of a line for a line, and gets both a more appropriate rhythm *and*, I think, a more vivid picture in "The Bears that are afraid to get wet in the water of Ocean."

Compare again, for "humescunt spumis flatuque sequentum," Trevelyan's "with the foam And breath of their pursuers they are wet," with Day Lewis's "The drivers are wet with the spindrift breath of the horses behind them." Lastly, as an example of what can be done with one word, where Virgil says of a swarm of bees "glomerantur," Trevelyan has "conglobed" (which sounds stilted), but Day Lewis has "scrimmage"—which sounds like bees.

The above comparisons will, I hope, not appear unfair to Mr. Trevelyan; he is here, after all, up against one of the most technically accomplished poets now writing in English. I might add that the Virgilian glamour often enough eludes both of them, *e.g.*, in the line "tantus amor florum et generandi gloria mellis." This sort of thing will always be there to be chased. All honour to those who, like Mr. Trevelyan, chase it.

Louis MacNeice

THE PATH OF THE LAW

Legal Theory. By W. Friedmann. *Stevens.* 30*s.*

There has hardly, so far, been any revival in English jurisprudence comparable to the remarkable developments in the United States during the last generation; most of our lawyers are still living on the spiritual capital bequeathed to them by Bentham and Sir Henry Maine. There was a short period when it seemed as though Pollock, and even more F. W. Maitland, would prove the heralds of a renaissance; but the hope died very shortly after Maitland's death in 1907. Among the complex causes for this retardation, it is, I think, impossible not to count the wide abyss between the practice of the law and legal theory. Admission to the Bar is less an outcome of intellectual discipline than it is the end-result of a social function; and the fact that no academic figure in the law has ever been appointed to the Bench—a remarkable contrast with the United States, where four professors of law now sit on

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the Supreme Court—has only tended to widen the lamentable gap between legal philosophy and legal practice.

The outstanding value of Dr. Friedmann's comprehensive and vivid book is that it places the reader at once in the midst of the stirring debate which is now being fought out in most major countries except Great Britain. It is only less valuable that Dr. Friedmann should have an intimate acquaintance with German theories, and a deep interest in the work of American judges and jurists. The result is a volume which enables the reader not only to see what the debate is about, but to set it in a perspective which the author sketches with learning and persuasiveness.

Interesting as is the very learned survey of the writers and their views, I believe that most readers will find Parts VI and VII of Dr. Friedmann's book the most interesting. The first part may fairly be described as a study, always fresh and often original, of what is, at bottom, a fight between the judicial approach to the Common Law, as historically inherited, and the facts of a growingly collectivist society, the necessary legislation of which implies developments, like administrative law, which make the judge dismayed on grounds which he believes to be procedural merely, but which are, in fact, the effort of the Bench to control legislation in the interest of a "higher law," the secret of which the judges only know. On examination this "higher law" really turns out to be the individualism of Herbert Spencer's *Man versus the State*; and it is only necessary to read Chapters XXV and XXVI of Dr. Friedmann's book to see the important implications of this. I only regret here that he did not discuss the effort of such Law Lords as Sumner to make their tribunal into the master of Acts of Parliament.

Dr. Friedmann deserves real gratitude for the way in which, for most English readers, he has tried to make them see the relation of law to the problems of this grim time, especially to the problems of a democratic society. It is, for example, significant that English law, unlike that of the Continent, does not recognise the principle of unjust enrichment and has to operate its limitation through equity. It is important that the legal system which seeks to limit the executive power has little in common with legal systems like those of Germany and Japan, which ultimately deny that a limitation can be placed on an omnipotent State which functions through its executive. Dr. Friedmann illustrates the divergence very interestingly by a reference to the withdrawal of Germany, Italy and Japan from the I.L.O. and their refusal to accept the International Broadcasting Convention of 1937. Useful, also, is his emphasis on the need to make comparative law something more than a hotch-potch of analytical comparisons which rarely attempts to go behind the code or statute to its inner and energising principle. So, too, is his warning that phrases like "a reasonable and fair price," or "a fair and equitable" restitution must be either meaningless or set in the specific social conditions to which they apply. But if they are to be so set, the judge must understand those social conditions. That was why, many years ago, Mr. Justice Holmes argued with great power the need of the lawyer to be economist and statistician if he is to be really aware what he is doing. And because judges can, and do, legislate, he ought to be ready, as he is too rarely ready, both to be conscious of the premises upon which he is acting, and to urge the need of changing the law where its amendment is beyond its competence.

I hope I have said enough to show that Dr. Friedmann's book is of real value and of high interest. In my own view the crisis in jurisprudence goes deeper than he realises, and the need in this country for a new Bentham is a very vital matter. We are trying to make nineteenth-century legal principles and institutions do the work of a community to which they are largely inapplicable. If Dr. Friedmann's book makes his readers understand how much both the decisions of the judges, and the teaching of law, in this country are a nostalgic defence of conditions that have passed away, he will have rendered a signal service indeed.

HAROLD J. LASKI

CHURCH REFORM

Physician Heal Thyself. By THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. *Hodder and Stoughton. 2s. 6d.*

Since the death of Dr. Temple, Dr. Garbett, Archbishop of York, has been without question the most considerable figure in the Church of England. He has none of Temple's versatile genius or of his personal magnetism. But he has courage, individuality and an acute understanding of the needs and the character of the times. When, for example, he was Bishop of Southwark, he realised the wickedness of condemning families to live in filthy hovels, and he has remained intelligently interested in housing reform, with no undue regard for the "rights" of slum landlords

In this little book the Archbishop advocate drastic reform in the services, the governmen and the financial system of the Church of England He realises that the bulk of the English peopl have become non-religious. The Church is stil nominally the national Church, but it is not th Church of the people.

The services need simplification, and I shoul add that they need considerable alteration Mattins mean "absolutely nothing," Dr. Garbet says, to the ordinary man and woman, and th unreality is surely accentuated by the repetitio of bloodthirsty Psalms entirely antipathetic t the spirit of the Gospels.

The Rev. Austin Lee has in a letter to th NEW STATESMAN AND NATION described th Mass as "esoteric rather than popular," a statement flatly contradicted by the crowds of simpl worshippers in Roman churches here, in Americ and on the Continent. Dr. Garbett well describe the Mass as "acted drama," and he accents th spiritual value of the sense of awe that it inspires

The Occasional Offices are muddled an unintelligible, and, as I should suggest, ofte un-Christian. This is particularly true of th revolting hypocrisy of the thanksgiving in th Burial Office: "that it hath pleased Thee t deliver this our brother out of the miseries of thi sinful world," when our brother may have died prematurely and have found this world anything but miserable.

Dr. Garbett criticises the State appointment o bishops, the ineffectiveness of the machinery of Church government, the inequality of clerica incomes, and the "parson's freehold," which makes it almost impossible to remove an incompetent incumbent from his cure.

He advocates the institution of an order of lay evangelists, who would take temporary vows and would carry the message of the Church int the streets; and believing that the Church o England is the Church Catholic in this realm "the Church of St. Augustine, St. Aidan, St Paulinus and St. Chad," he looks back regretfully to the days when it was also the Church of th English people. He writes:

> It (the church) was the social centre of the village and the common meeting place of a parish in which all held the same faith. Its walls were covered with pictures and its windows glowed with coloured glass. The church was the picture gallery, th concert hall, the art museum and the theatre But above all, it was the House of God . . .

Dr. Garbett adds that the parish priest cam

"... the years that the locust hath eaten ..."

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om the people and that he was the natural ader of those forces making for good. When the hurch is again the centre of community and llowship, when it realises the sacramental gnificance of the secular ,it may again be a uickening power in the common life. And not ll then.

SIDNEY DARK

Week-end Competition

No. 797

et by G. W. Stonier

Competitors are invited to submit three quotations r a day in the calendar. They may choose which y they like, and the three quotations, in verse or rose, should fit the day. Limit, 200 words. Entries y May 15th.

ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 793

eport by Raymond Mortimer

Circumstances made it impossible to print last week e winning entries. L. E. J. receives a first prize of guinea and a half for a right and left; half a guinea ch for scarcely less excellent entries by R. J. P. ewison, A. R. Watson, E. W. Fordham, W. A. ayne and C. H. P.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 794

et by Raymond Mortimer.

Prizes of four guineas are offered for the best English versions of the following poem.

RENOUVEAU

Le printemps maladif a chassé tristement
L'hiver, saison de l'art serein, l'hiver lucide,
Et dans mon être à qui le sang morne préside
L'impuissance s'étire en un long bâillement.
Des crépuscules blancs tiédissent sous mon crâne
Qu'un cercle de fer serre ainsi qu'un vieux tombeau
Et, triste, j'erre après un rêve vague et beau,
Par les champs où la sève immense se pavane.
Puis je tombe énervé de parfums d'arbres, las,
Et creusant de ma face une fosse à mon rêve,
Mordant la terre chaude où poussent les lilas,
J'attends, en m'abîmant que mon ennui s'élève . . .
—Cependant l'Azur rit sur la haie et l'éveil
De tant d'oiseaux en fleur gazouillant au soleil.

eport by Raymond Mortimer

This early "sonnet irrégulier" by Mallarmé tracted a vast number of competitors. The level as high and I hope the multitude of the disappointed ill have found their skill its own reward. While believe that the translator should be given great freedom, in order to produce an English equivalent, two points in this poem, it seems to me, were needlessly sacrificed by many competitors—Winter a season propitious to art, and the bold metaphor "d'oiseaux en fleurs." Again, "s'élève" in this context, means, I think, "lifts" (like a fog) not "augments." After much pondering, I recommend prizes of 30*s*. to F. C. C. and Alan Russell, and 15*s*. each to Little Billee, Willy Tadpole, L. V. Upward and G. de V. Close behind were James Kirkup, F. W. Leakey and Pierre.

For sickly spring the winter has withdrawn,
Clear winter, season of serenest art,
And when the mournful blood subdues my heart,
Impotence slowly stretches with a yawn.
The warm, white twilights in my skull stagnate,
Clamped like a tomb by iron that never yields.
Sad, for a faint, fair dream I search the fields,
Where the vast flow of sap performs in state,
Then fall, by the sweet smell of trees worn out,
To make a hollow for my dream below,
Biting the warm earth where the lilacs sprout,
And wait, abandoned, for my grief to go.
Yet, on the hedge, smiles down the azure height
And blossoming birds that babble in the light.

F. C. C.

The wintertime of clear and cloudless art
Runs, banished by the tearful frail-eyed spring;
In me the sullen blood, new season's king,
Heaves deep, draws out in sighs my feeble heart.
Like an old gravestone, rings of iron bind
My skull whereunder tepid half-lights gleam;
Sadly through fields of flaunting sap, my dream
Of evanescent beauty lures my mind.
Then, faint with trees, I fall; my scent-worn face
Burrows my dream a grave, bites where the grass
Is parched beneath the lilac: so, till grace
Lift life again, I wait, till tediums pass . . .
—This, while the birds wake whistling, and the Azure
Smiles on the sunlit bloom and plume of pleasure.

ALAN RUSSELL

The fever-heated spring has driven hence
Winter's serene, cool, clear, creative days,
And on my spirit, which darker blood still sways,
Descends a long-drawn, drowsy impotence.
Behind my brow, white melting mists there seem;
Round it, a band of iron, like those that ring
Some crumbling tomb; and through proud burgeoning
Of fields I wander, seeking a dim sweet dream.
The scent of lilacs robs me of my strength,
I fall, face to the warm earth pressed, as fain
To burrow back to my cool dream again,
Or buried to lie, till the black hour lift at length . . .
—And still the blue skies smile, and all the throng
Of wakening birds garland the sun with song.

LITTLE BILLEE

Now hath the sickly springtime driven away
  The season of art serene, clear wintertide.
A saddened pulse now over me hath sway;
  I stretch and yawn, my power nullified.
White mists benumb my brain that now, meseems,
  Is iron-bound as one that is entombed;
And sadly now I follow my fair dreams
  Where every sapling rises proudly plumed.
Then am I overcome by redolence
  Of leafage and do feebly fall down-faced
To hide my dream, and bite the warm earth whence
  The lilac pushes, lying so abased
Until my burden lifts, while day begun
  Smiles down and birds sing loudly to the sun.

WILLY TADPOLE

Now sickly spring has doom'd to banishment
Winter, art's shrewd incomparable ally,
Clotted my veins and sapp'd my energy,
Leaving me weary, weak and somnolent.
The germ of boredom dwells within my brain,
Round which a heavy band of steel is press'd;
I stroll through fields new-fed at Nature's breast,
Seeking the substance of a dream in vain;
Unmann'd by leafy scents, I lie at last,
Making my dream a grave with heavy heart,
Nibbling the warm ground where the lilacs cast
Their shade, and wait for tedium to depart . . .
—Yet, in the hedges, waken'd by his rays,
Birds sing the laughing sun their hymn of praise.

L. V. UPWARD

Now the uneasy spring has dispossessed
Winter, the crystal time, the lucid season;
And I, made dulled and sad by a languid poison
Feel yawning impotence my spirit's quest.
The restless morning twilights stir my brain,
Bound, like an ancient tomb, with iron rail.
Oppressed, I walk through burgeoning fields, and fail
To find an eluding dream in that green plain.
My face, pressed downwards, dizzy with the scent,
Digs in the ground a hollow for my head;
And, mouthing the warm earth, the lilacs' bed,
I wait the passing of my discontent.
And still—the blue sky greets, their day begun,
A thousand birds that twitter in the sun.

G. DE V.

Personal

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